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WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE



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DECEMBER, 1924

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EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Volume I

DECEMBER 1924

Number 12

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

On November second, the Sabbath preceding Election Day, clergymen country wide of all denominations asked their congregations to give their most serious thought to the matter of exercising the one great privilege of Americans that has been theirs since the beginning of the Republic, that of free suffrage. Thoughtful people were definitely concerned as to the forthcoming result, the possibility of an expiring Congress being called upon to select a President, a situation that was much feared. No partisan suggestions were made, but all were urged to vote thoughtfully and prayerfully. We make mention of this situation because, to the thinking people of all parties, that contingency seemed imminent. What happened? Election came, and with it the uncertainty that shrouded the nation was swept away as with a breath, majorities for the existing incumbent, President Coolidge, and his running mate, General Dawes, being rolled up so fast as to cause all question as to the result to disappear before Election Day was half gone.

It is always easier to look back on what has happened than to look ahead and vision what is to happen. The national campaign was unfortunately not a healthful one, it lacked the voice of constructive statesmanship, the dominant note being that of attack on the party in power because of sins that were committed by men high in the ruling party, and who had definitely violated their great trusts. The second great party, one with a long and honorable record of past achievement behind it, suffered a miserable "take off," the result of a long drawn out convention, where racial and religious controversies and individual selfishness came to the surface early, only to grow in intensity and bitterness to the end. Chosen as a last resort, Mr. Davis, a man of high attainment and character, would, if given a chance,

have served the nation well, but he was handicapped by the load of political difference, not to speak of other disabilities which he was compelled to carry. Mr. Davis made the best campaign he could, but his candidacy was foredoomed from the start.

Contending with the two principal parties was the candidate of the third or Progressive Party, Mr. La Follette, whose unenviable war record lingers so strongly in the minds of the American people that his name was instinctively used to designate his ticket and party. This third party was fundamentally a party of protest rather than a one made up of American citizens suffering from bad legislation or bad government. Its leaders' appeals were based on divisional lines rather than on the laudable desire to unite the people. Such were directed to labor, organized and unorganized; to the farmer; to the so-called German-Americans and Irish-Americans (there really are none such, being either Americans or nothing); to every individual where they could sell the germ of class division and discontent, all addressed to whom it made little difference, if such won a vote for La Follette. We confess that the times would seem to insure hard sledding for an apostle of negation of a type such as Mr. La Follette is, and the mystery lies in the fact that certain salaried labor leaders threw their influence in his favor. However, a clean, fog-dispelling breath of pure air swept down before election morn from the great industrial East, with its great laboring population, from the rich cities, towns and fields of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, in fact the whole interior region, from whence it swept on across the vast plains region and the mountains of the great West, dissipating all theory of demagogic leadership as it went.

This nation needs and will ever be best served by two nearly balanced parties, in either of which any number of its citizens should find

The Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company and their families. It will contain items of current news, personal notes about employees and their families, together with articles dealing with the coal mining industry, the personal safety of the men engaged in mining a first consideration. Employees are not only invited but urged to write articles for the magazine, which should be typewritten on one side of the sheet only, addressed to Editor, Employees' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Company, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired, all cartoons and drawings must be in black India ink. The magazine will be distributed free to all employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company.

JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

sympathy and support in the work of carrying out needed legislative betterments. By neither party should, at any time, consideration be given to the raucous shouts of individual malcontents who seek prestige and power through attack made on the fundamental principles of our government, or who pretend to believe and who preach the theory that natural laws can be flouted and overcome by legislative fiat, or who insist on attempting to array class against class. Mr. La Follette and his ill-advised supporters went down to deserved defeat, and the coal miners should find comfort in the fact that their head refused to align himself with the La Follette movement. The most forceful proof of the futility of the cause led by La Follette lies in the fact that he carried the same ground he has carried for twenty years, and not a whit more. Men and women, with few exceptions, are much alike, and independence of thought and action is an American attribute. Members of Congress who voted for or against certain legislation were blacklisted by so-called labor journals, a practice once used against labor itself and made illegal by the passage of just laws. These men, public servants, up for re-election, in some cases, perhaps, really feared the "labor vote," the "soldier vote," this vote and that vote, but not a single one of the blacklisted candidates were kept out of office. The real men and women voters in this U. S. A. are given to thinking out their own problems. The fact that labor can not be hog-tied and delivered by bosses stood out strongly in the 1924 election.

We have some discontented souls, and we have a percentage of failures in every walk of life; but the wealth, freedom and prosperity of this country of ours is too great, too patent, to be ignored. Wages are not those paid in Europe; here and here only do the benefits of sufficient food, clothing, shelter and educational opportunities exist. Billions of dollars in savings banks (one labor organization, that of the Locomotive Engineers, controlling twelve banks), the combined capital of thirty labor owned banks, all new, alone totalling \$150,000,000, should in itself be answer enough.

Twenty years ago a certain nursery rhyme ran:

"First you put it in the tank,

Then you turn the darned old crank."

Today over 12,000,000 automobiles, one for every six adult people, are equipped with self-starters, you don't have to "turn the darned old crank." In our cities the filling stations outnumber the grocery stores ten to one, and in this Year of Our Lord, 1924, more than a billion of dollars will be spent on paved highways for the 12,000,000 passenger automobiles to run on. In 312 B. C., or 2236 years ago, Appius

Claudius, the Roman Censor, undertook the work of building the Appian Way, which ran from Rome to the heel of Italy's boot, 350 miles in length. Four hundred years later the job was finished, and yet Rome, then mistress of the world, had, during that period, all civilization under its domination. The splendor of that achievement lingers yet, but one little state, South Carolina, spent \$48,000,000 on roads since 1900, and Illinois alone will build 1,200 miles of concrete paved highways across its muddy length in 1924.

No attempt to divide a people will ever prove a success. The British Labor Party, made up and manned by able and patriotic men, failed for that reason, and that reason alone, although the laboring and the soldier classes of England are suffering keenly from lack of employment, from debt and taxation. First of all we must all be Americans, and in all great issues we must vote as Americans, not as capitalists, professionals, or as laboring men and women; just Americans all. There are enough parties and religions now. The new ones that spring up like jimson weeds represent, in every instance, merely the "outs" who want "in."

CHRISTMAS

With the passing of the year we again approach Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of the Man of Sorrows, who, after his brief blameless life, died on the Cross, to Him an instrument of torture and suffering, but which to more than six hundred and fifty millions has since become a symbol of hope for the life to come.

This festival, which had its first significant expression in the birth of the Savior, is a day of good will to all men. To little children it has a special significance, old Santa, with his reindeer and pack, speaks to children all over the great wide world, and in the language they all understand, happiness. No barrier of race, elime, age or condition is now sufficient to close the door on good Saint Nicholas on this one great day. Where want or privation prevents a homey Christmas, thousands of good people provide gifts and good cheer for the less fortunate. Elsewhere the Magazine presents a story telling of the recent visit of one of our contributors to the site of Christ's birthplace, and " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas," lines that have been read, and which will be read again by millions, is given elsewhere to the children.

May we, when Christmas passes, carry the good will then expressed out with us and into our daily work. With little Tim we say again, "God bless us all, everyone."

MRS. C. R. GRAY'S FORTHCOMING MESSAGE

Elsewhere our readers will find a word of appreciation of the work done for us by Mrs. C. R. Gray, of Omaha, who delivered three wonderful Bible lessons at Rock Springs, and one at Green River, on October 28th and 29th last. At 5:00 P. M. (Wyoming time) Sunday evening, December 21st, Mrs. Gray will deliver a special message to us in connection with the Radio Bible Lesson sent out by station WOAW, of Omaha.

In opening her lesson, Mrs. Gray will also say a word of Christmas greeting to the people of Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton, Superior, South Superior, Dines, Sweetwater, Gunn, Lionkol, and Green River. Those who listened to Mrs. Gray in October last will be glad to receive this personal message sent across the more than eight hundred intervening miles.

JUST FOR FUN

A recent Victor phonograph record is called "We Don't get Much Money but we Have a Lot of Fun." A few evenings ago we finished reading an article in which our investment in pleasure is presented; the figures, which are startling, are set forth below:

Daily admissions to motion pictures	20,000,000
Annual attendance at county fairs	40,000,000
Annual attendance at the circus....	12,000,000
Number of fishermen.....	10,000,000
Number of golfers.....	2,200,000
Number of cyclists.....	1,000,000
Number of card players.....	10,000,000
Number who listen to the radio....	20,000,000
Number of automobiles in use.....	12,000,000
Number who dance daily.....	6,000,000
Number of children who use playgrounds daily	1,200,000
Participants of Y. M. C. A. annually	19,000,000

All of which represents an annual expenditure of six billion dollars. Maybe we don't get much money, but we should have some fun.

MOVE FORWARD PLEASE!

When a Chinese street car conductor wishes his passengers to "move forward" he smiles and says a few words which, translated into English, means:

"If the heaven born son of a most illustrious father will but honor his servant by transferring his august presence to a position farther to the front where he belongs always, he will have rendered a service which will be in keeping with those which his noble ancestors have rendered."

China teems with good natured, kindly people, 302,000,000, but they employ too much language in trying to move forward, and we wonder if "too much talkee, not enough workee" is not the thing that likewise keeps many otherwise perfectly good Americans back.

THE COAL RIVER COLLIERIES CONTROVERSY

Mr. Warren S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the United Mine Workers of America are in a bad jam. As this is written the American Federation of Labor is trying to find a way out "with honor."

Two or three years ago Mr. Stone promoted a coal company to operate in non-union territory, locomotive engineers paying cash, dollar for dollar, for the stock, some \$2,000,000 par value. Stone naturally wants to give his stockholders some return on their investment, money that the engineers saved from days and nights of toil, and they likewise want a return. The Mine Workers want the coal company to pay the union scale, although neighboring mines pay perhaps sixty per cent of same. We presume Stone would like to pay the scale, but he cannot do so and get back a dollar for a dollar, and it is labor's dollars, not "Wall Street's" he is dealing with, and there you are. The Mine Workers repeat to Mr. Stone some of the things he said to small "busted" railroads when they wanted their engineers to take a reduction, not to pay interest or dividends, but to allow the railroad to meet pay roll and supply bills. The coal company is evicting men, women and children from company owned houses, so that men who are willing to take the lower wage and work may move in.

Both sides are on the eve of learning a simple solemn fact, which in substance is, that a labor owned coal mine, bank, mill, factory or farm, will always be subject to the same natural laws that any other kind of ownership is subject to, it must prove self-supporting or die. Stone cannot pay more than his neighbors and work; the miners won't work for a rate that will let the mine work to give them work.

Wise men say that Stone erred when he moved into non-union territory to operate a union owned coal mine. Perhaps Stone's engineer stockholders think the Union is off the reservation when it tries to exist in non-union territory. In the logic of events they are both doomed to crash. The union coal miner has troubles enough now to "hold the line" without suffering a "fight to the death" with another union.

OUR 1925 MAGAZINE

We are promised a new cover design and new department headings for our January issue. We think, and some of our family are good enough to say, that the Magazine is improving steadily, but we would like more papers and letters from the boys who get out the coal, as well as their wives, mothers, daughters and sweethearts.

WE ADVANCE

A. W. Dickinson

Although mining for the Union Pacific Railroad began in the Rock Springs field in 1868, the operations were carried on for many years without any accidents which resulted in the injury of a large number of men at any one time. Seventeen years ago, however, in Mine No. 10 a number of men were waiting near the main slope just before quitting time for the day shift. The last coal trip on its way to surface parted in the middle and a number of cars ran away down the slope, derailling and wrecking at the point where the miners were concentrated, awaiting the man trip. In the wreck a considerable amount of timber was released from overhead and the result was a dense cloud of dry coal dust. Ignition was instantaneous, the open lights of the miners constituting the agency and an explosion resulted. Fortunately, the explosion did not travel over any large area and as a result, but seventeen men were burned, two fatally.

With many of the people in this field, at that time, the cause of the explosion remained a mystery. It was alleged that a car of powder had caused the explosion. Careful investigation and checking of the record proves that the cause was, beyond question, the ignition of a dense cloud of coal dust.

Time passed and the explosion in Mine No. 10 was forgotten. A sense of security again crept over the community and there were very few men who believed that the coal dust present in the workings of the Rock Springs mines constituted a menace to the workmen therein. In the meantime, in various states of our country, explosions were occurring, Utah, Oklahoma, and Kansas particularly experiencing a succession of explosions. Slowly the men operating the mines in these states awoke to the realization that coal dust was the real basis of the violence and large extent of the explosions occurring in their properties. Many men were slow to believe. Frequently men of years of experience considered explosions a mystery and spoke of the effect of cold air on the firing of shots, believing that in some unaccountable manner the explosion cause originated from this source. The repetition of mine catastrophes brought about an invitation to the British government to send a commission of qualified mining men to this country to examine into, and report on the conditions existing in the coal mines.

This commission made the desired examination and report, with recommendations, which, if carried out, would have served to eliminate many of the explosions which have since occurred. Shortly after the examination of the British commission, the United States Bureau of Mines came into existence and qualified men began their investigations with a view to relieving the high accident rate in the coal industry. The personnel of the Bureau of Mines was made up of men who needed no additional proof to convince them that coal dust was the propagating agent in the majority of coal mine explosions in this country. They believed it implicitly and started immediately to work to develop proper means of prevention. The experimental mine of the Bureau of Mines at Bruceton, Pennsylvania, came into existence shortly after the formation of the Bureau and dusts from various coal mines of the United States were tested to develop their explosive properties. Shale dust was used in the experiments in barrier form and otherwise, as a quenching agent, and the publication of Bulletin 167 at this early date clearly set forth the positive means of eliminating the possibility of a general explosion due to propagation by coal dust. At this time the men of the Bureau of Mines were starting their crusade in the interest of First Aid and Safety First work.

Came then the lean years from 1912 to 1916 in the coal industry, when all work which tended toward improvement received a severe set-back. Many mines



This is the Lamp and its Battery and Dan Potter has Watched the Change from Oil Torches and Steam Hoists to the Equipment of Today.

were abandoned. Few mines could receive proper care due to the stagnation in the markets. Immediately following came the War, with its resultant hysteria of prices and striving for large production. Production and earnings held the center of the stage and explosions became more frequent.

At this time the Old Ben Corporation operating in Franklin and Williamson Counties in the Southern Illinois coal field experienced a terrific explosion in their mine at Christopher, Thanksgiving Night, 1917, resulting in the death of 16 men and the complete wrecking of the mine. This was a revelation in a district which had been reasonably free from catastrophe, and John E. Jones, previously Mine Inspector of Franklin County, was called into consultation and employed as Safety Engineer for this company. Consultation with the staff of the United States Bureau of Mines followed, and under their guidance an intensified program of shale dusting was inaugurated in the mines of the Old Ben Corporation. This work has been carried on to this day and has unquestionably resulted in the saving of hundreds of lives.

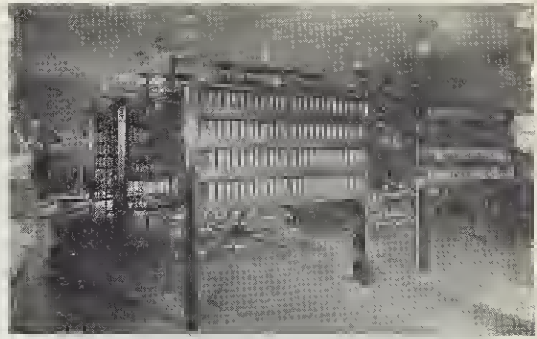
In the meantime, explosions continued to occur over the United States and the menace became so serious that a reaction took place, public sentiment was aroused over the apparent needless killing of so many mine workers. War time and the tax question had brought a need for careful accounting by coal mining organizations, such as had never before been known. The result of this accounting brought one important thing in the interest of safety, and that thing was the realization of the cost of both the large catastrophe and the constant maiming, one by one, of the underground workers in the coal mines of this country. At this time came also the Workmen's Compensation Acts in several of the large mining states, and these acts, a great forward step in the proper care of the worker, developed as well cold figures in dollars and cents bearing directly on the matter of the loss of men and property through coal mining accidents.

As the years had passed ventilating conditions had changed, due in some instances to mining legislation, but in a greater measure to the more skillful conduct of mining operations by men trained and developed

within the industry in this and in the European countries. The improvement in the ventilating of the coal mines brought about also the drying out of the mines, and as a consequence disturbances underground were and are much more likely to project a dense dust cloud than was the case in years gone by.

More explosions followed. The War was over. Dawson, New Mexico, went up in February, 1923. Frontier followed in August of the same year. At Dawson the men in charge of the property inaugurated the use of adobe dust in their effort to prevent any further explosions. The property was carefully dusted, barriers erected at strategic points and the staff did their very best to make the mines safe. The use of water for other purposes than the laying of the dust at source was abandoned at Dawson, this being done as the result of discussion, and the best judgment of the operating staff and the representatives of the United States Bureau of Mines assigned to the Rocky Mountain district.

On the 14th of February, 1924, the Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute, an organization of coal mining men from the states of Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and New Mexico, was in session in Denver, Colorado, at the regular winter meeting. A description had been given of the adobe dusting methods in use at Dawson, New Mexico, and the statement had been made by an able mining man that he considered those mines to be the safest in the United States. An equally able mining man from Utah then arose and said, "We are very appreciative of the information which we have just received relative to the condition of the Dawson mines, but we should like to have heard the previous speaker say that the mines at Daw-



Interior of Lamp House, Rock Springs, Wyoming, where 1100 Edison Type "E" Miners' Lamps are Charged and Issued.

sou are AMONG the safest in the United States for we, from Utah, feel that we also have safe mines. Our mines are carefully wet down and we do not believe it possible for a general explosion to occur under the precautions which are now taken."

Twenty days later, one of the largest mines in Utah, in which safety precautions in the way of careful wetting down had been diligently carried out, exploded with terrific force, killing 171 men instantly, thereby demonstrating that the use of water alone is not a sufficient safeguard.

Explosions followed in Illinois, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, alarming the public until the men responsible for the conduct of The Union Pacific Coal Company made the pronouncement that every possible precaution must be taken to remove the possibility of any such occurrence in Union Pacific Coal Company mines, and the order stands that "Explosions Must Not Occur." The staff men of this company turned to the Bureau of Mines for recommendations and advice on the conduct of operation. An engineer was sent to Rock Springs by the Bureau, and upon his arrival asked to be allowed to examine an average mine. He was guided through No. 4 Mine in No. 1 vein, and while there sampled coal faces, rib dust, air settled dust on timber, etc., and shipped a 3,000 pound face sample to the experimental mine at Bruceton, Pennsylvania. The fineness of existing dust in No. 4 Mine was reproduced by grinding down the 3,000 pound sample and explosion tests were conducted with the result that the Bureau of Mines Engineers advised that the dust of No. 1 vein coal was just as sensitive as that in the mines of Dawson, New Mexico. A screen analysis of air settled dust from the top of a mine timber showed 92% through 200 mesh. When one remembers that a 200-mesh screen has 40,000 openings to the square inch, it will be readily understood that this dust approaches the consistency of a gas. As a result of the examination and tests by the representatives of the Bureau of Mines, the recommendations given to the operating staff of the Union Pacific Coal Company were briefly as follows:

- (1) Dust Barriers.
- (2) Thorough shale dusting and the laying of coal dust at the source.

The report and recommendations were brought to the attention of the men responsible for the conduct of The Union Pacific Coal Company and the entire program was quickly accepted and determined upon. Lamps were purchased, lamp houses put under construction, and the balance of the program started. At Hanna, Wyoming, Edison lamps had been in use for considerably over a year. At Cumberland, Wyoming, The Union Pacific Coal Company had used the Wyco lamp for over ten years. In choosing a lamp for the Rock Springs field, the latest type known as the Type



A Good Cap and Belt Add Greatly to the Comfort of the Wearer.

(Continued on page 15)

MRS. GRAY'S VISIT

We are to be pardoned if we are proud of the visit to us of Mrs. C. R. Gray, who, in the words of Mrs. Sarah Shedd when introducing her to the evening audience, is: "A Woman of note—a woman loved and honored wherever known. A woman whose love for the Book of Books and the Christ portrayed therein, constrains her to teach the word to hundreds every Sunday morning, while thousands eagerly listen to her Sunday evening Bible talks by radio, and only God can know the measure of comfort and inspiration she gives by her visits to prisons and hospitals—and who brings us now a message from the Master."

Mrs. Gray gave us three Bible lessons during her two day stay. On Tuesday afternoon she talked to the High School students and teachers of Rock Springs, Superior, Winton and Reliance at a crowded meeting, when she made the Bible live not only in her stories about its characters but with messages which we could have imagined belonging only to we who listened, so personal, so vital, were they. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth—" "I know whom I have believed—"

Then in the evening she talked to a community meeting in the Elks Auditorium, when for two and one half hours she held her large audience's sympathetic and closest attention. We cannot analyze a spiritual effect because it is largely an atmosphere, but certain things might be mentioned as assisting in creating a strength giving influence; the appropriateness of the music, the group uniting in singing "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," led by Mrs. Dickinson; Mrs. Gray's marvelous knowledge of her subject, her devotion to it; her: "I am resolved to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." She herself, the incarnation of a living breathing religious experience which must be told—and told in Bible language. We have been at a good many notable religious services, but not ever before had we heard a Bible lesson so outside dogmas and creeds that all faiths and creeds could, and did, participate with equal appreciation; so full of Christ, the story of whose life assuredly rests on the quarried blocks of history's granite, but whose life giving love must, like all love, be experienced to be understood.

On the second afternoon came a lesson for mothers on the Home, and here we felt nearer to our teacher than at any other time. Meeting on the common ground of the homemaker, we saw her as wife and mother, with common problems; felt the glow of her warm sympathy and the force of her broad experience, perhaps the secret and essence of her power not less than her consecration and knowledge. The Home! We gave all our attention as she talked. "Furnish it with fruits of the spirit!" Make its walls of love!" "Love seeketh not her own—is not easily provoked—beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, Love never faileth."

No weak religion this, but one that would reissue the Master's command to "take up thy bed and walk"—a challenging religion.

And again: "A nation rises no higher than its mothers." "I'd rather be the mother of my three boys than be President of the United States." "Women, we have been honored of God with the biggest work in the world, the guidance and instruction of the children." Truly a challenging talk.

From every section represented at the meetings comes the urgent plea that Mrs. Gray will come back to us again. We hope she may.

BETHLEHEM THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST

By W. J. Stroud (Rocky Mountain Bill)

Bethlehem is one of the oldest cities of Palestine and is second only to Jerusalem itself in historic interest.

The name Beit Lahm means the house of "bread" or "food"; and as its name signifies, this district was noted for its fruitfulness and the cultivation of its fields and terraces.

The name has continued unchanged through the generations. Its first mention in the Bible is in connection with the death of Rachael (Gen. XXXV about 1730 B. C.). In the beginning of the fourteenth century we find it the scene of the beautiful idyl of the Book of Ruth. At the time of Christ there occurred in it the massacre of the infants by Herod.



Jerusalem from Mount of Olives with Jerico Road in Foreground.

(Photo by W. J. Stroud—1924)

But my interest in Bethlehem, when I visited the Holy Land this spring, centered in the Church of the Nativity, which stands over the grotto which is the traditional birthplace of our Lord. Entering it through a great archway of rock, I passed into a large room used as a place of worship; then through a narrow, very dark passage, lit only by candles, and down a flight of narrow steps into a passageway, when I saw the illumination ahead which marks the rude grotto with its rocky manger, accepted as the birthplace of Jesus. When I reached that sacred spot I took off my hat in reverence and awe, recalling the happening nineteen hundred years ago when the Redeemer of the world was born.

The Church's official name is the "Church of St. Mary" and it is owned conjointly by the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. It consists of a vast congeries of Churches and monasteries which has survived the vicissitudes of many centuries.

WILL BE OTHER CANDIDATES FOR POORHOUSE

A short time ago the following very interesting news item appeared in the Omaha World-Herald:

"Rejected at Poor Farm When Arrives in Car

"Los Angeles, Oct. 24.—George Harman is not an inmate of the Los Angeles County poor farm today. There was no place to park his car.

"Harman had proved to the satisfaction of every one concerned that he was indigent, according to probation officers, and was about to be admitted when he asked: 'Where do I put my car?'

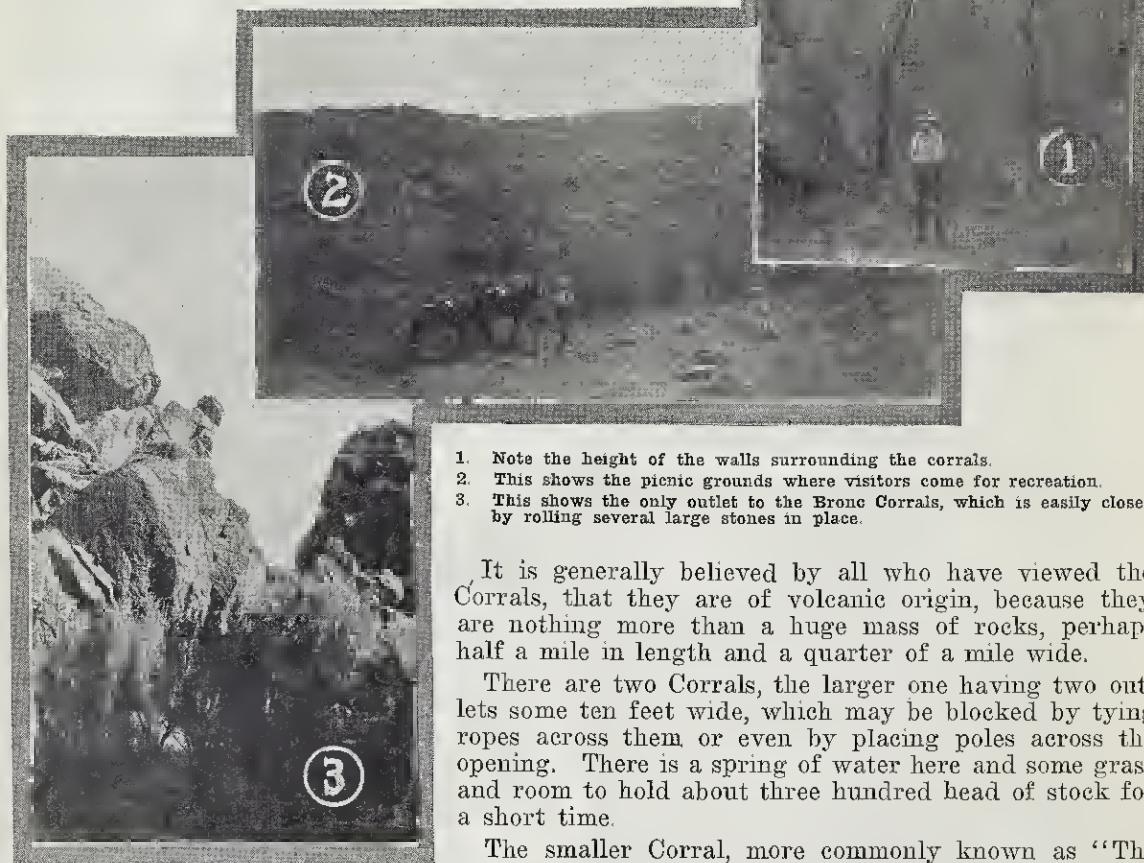
"When it was explained to him that the county did not provide garage accommodations for its indigent guests he withdrew his application and motored away in a small sedan of popular make, the presence of which heretofore had not been noted by his questioners."

THE NATURAL CORRALS OF SUPERIOR

By "Chuck" Applegate

Many of the readers of this magazine have, no doubt, visited the "Natural Corrals" located six miles east and one mile north of Superior. This gigantic mass of rocks which is believed to have taken this odd formation through volcanic action is indeed one of nature's true wonders. For the benefit of those who have not viewed this natural wonder, I will endeavor to give, as briefly as possible, a description of these Corrals.

A great deal of interest is centered on this spot, as it was well known to be the retreat or stronghold of a band of outlaws and horse thieves in the earlier days, and when once within its rugged walls, a small force of the outlaws could successfully resist capture, and at the same time the Corrals supplied both grass and water for the stolen stock.



1. Note the height of the walls surrounding the corrals.
2. This shows the picnic grounds where visitors come for recreation.
3. This shows the only outlet to the Brone Corrals, which is easily closed by rolling several large stones in place.

It is generally believed by all who have viewed the Corrals, that they are of volcanic origin, because they are nothing more than a huge mass of rocks, perhaps half a mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide.

There are two Corrals, the larger one having two outlets some ten feet wide, which may be blocked by tying ropes across them or even by placing poles across the opening. There is a spring of water here and some grass and room to hold about three hundred head of stock for a short time.

The smaller Corral, more commonly known as "The Brone Corral," is a small enclosure about sixty feet across and is surrounded by walls of solid rock about

forty feet high and having only one outlet, which is shown in the accompanying picture. The outlet may be closed by simply rolling several large rocks into it.

There are also numerous underground passages and caverns around the Corrals, and some of them contain tons of ice that remain unmelted the entire year. These caverns which undermine this immense pile of rock have never been fully explored, as it is feared that they may contain the coal region's deadly enemy—Black Damp.

Many visitors come here yearly to view this historical spot, and because of the outside spring, there are excellent camping and picnic grounds. Many thrills are afforded by the surroundings alone, but when one thinks of the spirits of the past—thrills come in armies.

Engineers' Department

THE HISTORY AND ORIGIN OF COAL

By T. D. Johnson

The first mention of coal in literature dates from the Fourth century B. C. It has been said the Chinese knew the use of coal to a slight extent before the Greeks did, but the first definite record of its utilization is found in Aristotle's Meteorology, dated 343 B. C. As recently as the reign of Henry II of France in 1547-1555, the use of coal as a fuel was considered so objectional that the smiths in Paris were compelled to obtain a special license or pay a fine for using it, but so rapidly has its use developed that it has become one of the most important among all commercial factors. There were regulations against its use in many of the cities of Europe during the Seventeenth century, although it began to enter actively into trade in England about the Thirteenth century.

In America, the first bituminous coal mining began in Virginia in 1787, although anthracite was discovered about the year 1762 and bituminous coal in 1679. The earliest record of production of bituminous coal in this country dates from 1820, when 3,000 tons were produced. In 1814 there were twenty-two tons of anthracite recorded. The 1,000,000 ton mark was first passed for anthracite in 1837, and for bituminous in 1850. The enormous production of approximately 1,478,000,000 tons for the year 1913, the last year of normal production before the great war, indicates how useful a commodity it is to the world.

Science has definitely established that all coal has resulted from the alteration of vegetal matter in some form. This is proved by the presence in lignite of abundant remains of plants, and by the presence in decreasing amounts of distinctly recognizable plant remains in all the varieties of coal from lignite to anthracite.

There are two main theories for the accumulation of vegetal matter giving rise to coal seams. One theory is that all plant remains accumulated in situ, that is, where the vegetation grew, fell and remained in place. The other is that the deposit is a result of the transportation of vegetal matter by water. The majority of well known authors on the subject seem to favor the former theory, stressing the fact that had the vegetal matter accumulated through transportation by water the coal would not have formed pure because of the large quantities of mud and silt that are likely to be carried and spread over it during flood periods.

At the present day a vast amount of peat is being formed in small lakes and bogs, particularly in the cooler, wet climates and in the regions which have been glaciated, and where drainage is therefore poor. The depth of the peat may vary from a few inches to fifty feet, but the detached areas covered by it are comparatively small, and while a peat bog may serve to demonstrate how vegetal matter accumulates in considerable quantities, it is in no way comparable in extent to the great bodies of vegetation which must have given rise to our important coal seams.

Under the most favorable conditions one foot of surface peat may form in five years, and one foot in ten years is a fair average maximum. When at a depth in the bog this amount will equal about one-eighth of a foot. It is generally agreed that approximately one foot per century is a fair average rate for the development of old compressed peat. It is also agreed that it requires three feet of this peat to form a foot of bituminous coal, then if it requires three

centuries to form a foot of coal it will require 3,000 years to form a seam ten feet thick, or coal such as we have in the Rocky Mountain region.

Swamps which much more nearly represent the kind of accumulation of vegetation which gave rise to our extensive coal seams are to be found today in North Carolina, Virginia and the East Indies. Large swamps of similar character are believed to exist in tropical Africa and South America.

Dismal swamp of North Carolina and Virginia is the largest of its kind in this country, having an original area of 2,200 square miles, of which 700 are now drained. The surface is slightly rolling or billowy, but the differences in elevation are small and on the whole the area approaches a level surface from five to twenty-five feet above sea level. The geological events which have given rise to the present relief and formation are the slow sinking and rising of the surface above water level. From this it is seen that the swamp stands near the critical level in much the same way as the swamps must have been situated, and that a slight change in elevation might produce dry land or a transgression of the sea.

The vegetation in this swamp varies with the amount of water present. The higher levels are usually occupied with the common Southern Pine. The lower levels are mainly occupied by three species of trees, Bald Cypress, Juniper and the Black Gum. The fallen trees, the spores, the leaves and other plant debris are continually falling into the water in this swamp and building up a layer of peat, which has been estimated at one to twenty feet in thickness. It has been estimated that 1,500 square miles are covered to an average depth of seven feet, and that the total available peat in this swamp is about 672,000,000 tons. This peat if turned to coal would be sufficient to form a seam from about one to twenty inches in thickness, and it would have many of the characteristics of coal seams as we are familiar with them today. The ash content is quite satisfactory. If the sinking of this area continued very slowly the living vegetation would be destroyed and opportunities would be offered for the collection and preservation of a large amount of vegetation. It might become buried by the encroachment of the sea and the deposition of the sediments over the vegetation. Submerged stumps in the valley of the Pamlico River in this area, indicate that in comparatively recent time, geologically speaking, submergence has occurred. On the other hand a slight up-lift of the land surrounding this basin might cause large quantities of mud, sand or gravel to be washed into the swamp and form partings in the resulting coal when a new swamp formed on top of this rock.

The other large fresh water swamp of which we have some definite knowledge, is on the Island of Sumatra, East Indies. It is said to cover about 312 square miles. The peat deposit reaches a thickness of nearly thirty feet in this swamp and is made up of logs and plant debris of all sorts. There is a stagnant, tea colored blanket of fresh water over the peat, which makes an efficient preserving fluid for the materials which fall into it. The ash content of the dried peat is 6.39%. The material if compressed into bituminous coal should produce a seam nearly three feet thick, as the lower layers of peat have already undergone considerable change and they are dense and compact.

(Continued on page 12)

USEFUL FACTS

Cut out and keep in a convenient place

Measurements of Distance

16.5 feet equal 1 rod.
 5280 feet (320 rods) equal 1 standard or land mile.
 6080.2 feet equal 1 nautical or sea mile.
 1 centimeter equals .3937 inches.
 100 centimeters equal 1 meter.
 1 meter equals 39.37 inches or 3.281 feet.
 1000 meters (3281 feet or .6214 (about $\frac{5}{8}$) of a mile) equals 1 kilometer.
 1.609 kilometers, or 1609 meters, equal 1 mile.

Measurements of Area

1 acre is equal to 43,560 square feet.
 1 acre contains 160 square rods.
 1 acre is equal to a square measuring 208.71 feet each way ($208.71 \times 208.71 = 43,559.86$).
 1 square mile contains 640 acres.

Circular and Spherical Measurements

To find the area of a circle multiply the diameter by .7854.

To find the circumference of a circle multiply the diameter by 3.1416.

To find the diameter of a circle divide the circumference by 3.1416.

A sphere is a round object, bounded by a uniformly curved surface, a ball or a globe.

To find the area of the surface of a sphere multiply the diameter by itself, then multiply the result by 3.1416.

To find the volume of a sphere cube the diameter (that is multiply the diameter by itself and again multiply by the diameter), thereafter multiply the result by .5236.

Measurements of Volume

1728 cubic inches ($12 \times 12 \times 12$) equal 1 cubic foot.
 27 cubic feet ($3 \times 3 \times 3$) equal 1 cubic yard.
 128 cubic feet equal 1 cord.
 144 cubic inches ($12 \times 12 \times 1$) equal 1 board foot.

Measurements of Weights, Avoirdupois

16 drams (437.5 grains) equal 1 ounce.
 16 ounces (7000 grains) equal 1 pound.
 2000 pounds equal 1 short or standard ton.
 2240 pounds equal 1 long ton.
 2204.6 pounds equal 1 metric ton (used in Europe and Asia, outside of Great Britain).

NOTE: In Troy Weight, used in weighing precious metals and Apothecaries Weights, used by chemists and druggists, 5760 grains equal 1 pound. The "Grain" weighs the same in all systems.

Circular Measure

A circle may be of any given diameter and is measured by seconds, minutes and degrees.

60 seconds equal 1 minute.

60 minutes equal 1 degree.

360 degrees equal the circumference of a circle.

90 degrees equal 1 quadrant or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a circle.

Measure of Heat and Force

A British thermal unit (B.t.u.) is the volume of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit.

1 B.t.u. is mechanically equivalent to a force that will lift 777.5 pounds 1 foot high.

A horsepower (H. P.) is the measure of force that will lift 33,000 pounds 1 foot high in 1 minute, or 550 pounds 1 foot high in 1 second. It is equal to .746 (or approximately $\frac{3}{4}$) of a kilowatt (K. W.)

1 kilowatt is equal to 1000 watts (W.) or 1.341 horsepower.

NOTE: The watt is the unit of electric power and represents the rate of work done in an electrical circuit.

Air and Mine Gas Measurements

Comparative weight and volume of air, methane, carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, at a tempera-

ture of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, with a barometric pressure equal to 29.92 inches of mercury (sea level):

Gas	Symbol	Wt. of One Cubic Ft.	Cubic ft. One Lb.
Methane	CH ₄	.04475	22.346
Carbon Monoxide	CO	.07805	12.813
Pure Air	ON ₂	.08071	12.390
Carbon Dioxide	CO ₂	.12341	8.103

Comparison of Water Gauge and Barometric Pressure in Inches of Mercury, with Air, Expressed in Pounds per Square Foot

Height of Water Gauge in Inches	Barometric Pressure in Inches of Mercury	Pressure of Air in Pounds per Square Foot
1	.0735	5.2
2	.1471	10.4
3	.2206	15.6
4	.2941	20.8
5	.3676	26.0
6	.4412	31.2
7	.5147	36.4
8	.5882	41.6
9	.6618	46.8
10	.7353	52.0

WINTON'S NEW WATERWORKS

The Union Pacific Coal Company's Camp at Winton, Wyoming, is located on the western ridge of Baxter Basin. It is at an elevation of 7,250 feet above sea level, or about 1,000 feet higher than Rock Springs.

The camp consists of 169 homes with the usual mine buildings, store, and amusement halls surrounding a mining operation. The camp was first opened by the Megeath Coal Company in 1917 and was acquired by the Union Pacific Coal Company in May, 1921.

The problem of securing an adequate supply of pure water for domestic use as well as for fire protection and sprinkling in the mines has always been an acute one, and until October of this year a sufficient supply was not available. Water was shipped from Green River in railroad tank cars, and distributed through camp by a water wagon which would fill barrels located at each house. In the winter the water would freeze in the barrels and it would be necessary to melt ice and snow in order to supply the need. In the summer it would become warm standing through the hot days. Then again there were times when the railroad was unable to supply sufficient water. As can well be imagined this was a very expensive as well as an unsatisfactory system, the cost running as high as \$16,000 per year.

The Megeath Coal Company prospected for water in the camp, drilling several holes, but without success. In 1922 the Union Pacific Coal Company started drilling operations, drilling four holes at an expense of a little over \$18,000. It was felt that it would be



View of New Pumping Station for Winton's new \$100,000 Water System Supplanting the "Old Rain Barrel."

useless to drill in camp again as the Megeath Company had already thoroughly prospected that territory. After a careful study it was decided to drill in a basin about two miles west of the camp. The first hole proved to be a duster. Water was encountered in the second hole, but contained so many impurities that it was unsuitable for domestic use. It was abandoned and the drill rig moved further down the basin, where drilling was started on the third hole. In this well, which was drilled 436 feet from the surface, a good supply of pure water was found. No. 4 well was then drilled 250 feet from No. 3 to insure an adequate supply.

In 1922 the Union Pacific Coal Co. erected two 50,000 gallon storage tanks on a knoll near No. 3 Mine opening. These tanks were connected by a four-inch pipe line with a 45,000 gallon reservoir adjacent to the tracks. The water was emptied from the railroad tank cars into this reservoir and pumped to the tanks by a centrifugal pump. Laterals were turned off the four-inch main at each street intersection and fire hydrants were placed at the north end of each street. This was the first fire protection afforded the camp.

When the new supply of water was found the problem arose of extending the main pipe line into the distributing system, and of extending the distributing system throughout the Camp. Work was started upon these two projects July 15, 1924, and progressed rapidly, being completed October, 1, 1924.

The distributing system in camp involved the digging of 8,200 feet of ditch and the installation of an equal length of pipe. These ditches, as well as the ones from the wells to the water tanks, had to be blasted for the most part through solid rock. Bucket hydrants were placed between each two houses and fire plugs placed so that no building would be located at distance greater than 400 feet from one. This system supplied fire protection and fresh water for domestic use. The cost of the distributing system was \$12,000.

The system from the wells to the tanks, however, was more expensive, costing nearly \$67,000. A six-inch cast iron and steel pipe line 8,400 feet in length and of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure was installed six feet below the surface of the ground connecting the pumps with the water tanks. A fireproof pump house was erected at the wells out of concrete, tile and steel, together with a 50,000 gallon concrete reservoir.

In the pump house are located two large pumps each having capacity to lift 110 gallons of water per minute against a 500-foot head, and two large air compressors which are used to force the water from the wells into the reservoir, where it is picked up by the pumps and forced to the tanks in camp. Gravity forces the water from the tanks into the various water lines and hydrants in camp. Power is supplied to the motors which drive the pumps and air compressors over a 2,300-volt line from camp. There is a storage capacity of 195,000 gallons of water.

To those that have visited Winton it has always been noticeable that although the camp is kept clean and free from rubbish, there is no vegetation of any sort. However, with the new water system, it is hoped that in the next few years there will be lawns and trees and that it will be possible to have gardens.

Only those who have lived in Winton during the days of the old Barrel can appreciate to the fullest extent the present system. Probably some day soon a bon fire of the barrels will be in order. The total cost of the system was in the neighborhood of 100,000. Practically all the work was done during the period of low production in the mines, by our own men, thus increasing our home pay roll.

(Continued from page 10)

In these illustrations we seem to have an abundant evidence of the efficacy of fresh-water swamps in producing coal deposits under proper climatic and topographical conditions.

During the coal forming period, conditions found in the east during the Carboniferous (Mississippian and Pennsylvanian) period were practically duplicated in the west during the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods. In the former period a large shallow sea extended over the region now occupied by the Cretaceous and Tertiary coal deposits. This sea gradually withdrew from the land and conditions became favorable for extensive swamp development. The coal forming processes ended with the elevation of the Rocky Mountains as it did in the east with the rise of the Appalachians.

The various suggestions to account for the development of different varieties of coal (lignite-bituminous-cannal-anthracite) from vegetal matter may be summed up as follows; (1) differences in kinds of vegetation and differences in climates in different regions; (2) length of time during which the vegetation has been exposed before burial by sediments; (3) length of time since burial of the vegetation; (4) the depth of burial of the vegetation; (5) action of heat from compression or from intrusion of igneous rocks; (6) possibility of escape of volatile constituents after burial beneath sediments because of fractures or pores in the overlying rocks, and jointage in the coal seams; (7) the pressure resulting from compression of the seam during dynamic changes of the enclosing rocks.

Coal beds vary from a fraction of an inch to the enormous thickness of 266 feet. At Morwell, Victoria, Australia, there are three seams of brown coal which are 266, 227 and 166 feet, respectively, in thickness. They are the thickest so far known in the world. A drill hole 1,010 feet deep passed through 780 feet of coal. Other notable beds are the Adaville seam of lignite coal at Kemmerer, Wyoming, which averages about ninety feet. The Grande Couche of Commeny, Central France, sixty feet thick, and the Mammoth seam of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, which in the southern field reaches fifty feet in thickness. Seams in Styria and Manchuria exceed 100 feet in places. Most seams vary rather rapidly in thickness from place to place, the Pittsburg bed of the Appalachian province being probably the most remarkable exception to this rule. This seam has been traced over an area of more than 21,000 square miles, with an average thickness of over seven feet. Its total original area has been estimated at about 30,000 square miles.

Distribution of coal land in the world is as follows:

United States	330,000 sq. miles
China and Japan	200,000 " "
India	35,000 " "
Russia	27,000 " "
Great Britain	9,000 " "
Germany	3,600 " "
France	1,800 " "
Other Countries	1,400 " "

TOTAL 578,000 sq. miles

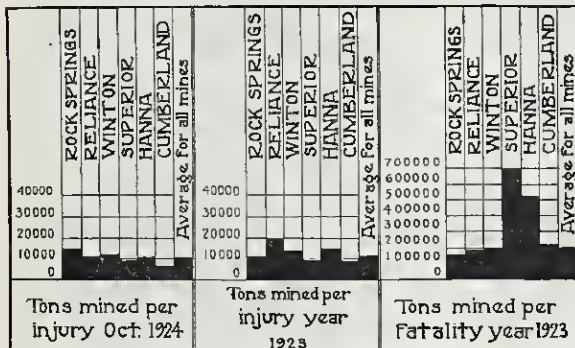


Just Before the Lightning Struck.



Make It + Safe

W.P.M.



THE OCTOBER ACCIDENT GRAPH

As in 1923, October seems to be our "Jonah" month.

With a total production of nearly 320,000 tons we have had reported 32 accidents and our record for this month has dropped to one accident per 10,305 tons produced. While this is not the low mark for the current year, in view of the figures for the past few months it shows that by the exercise of a little more vigilance far greater results can be attained.

Again, unfortunately, we have to record one fatality. John Gibbs, of Cumberland No. 2, while engaged at his occupation of timberman was caught by a fall of coal, sustaining a broken back, which resulted in his death.

The greater part of the accidents recorded this month are trivial, but when aggregated into "man-days", it would show a great loss of time and money earned.

An analysis of the accidents shows that again pit cars and haulage are responsible for over one-half of our accidents. In practically every case this was due to a man, in spragging a wheel, getting his finger too far in the wheel, with the inevitable result. This, I believe, you will all agree is something that can easily be avoided. CARE, CARE, and more CARE on the part of the man wielding the sprag.

Falls of coal and rock, seem to be diminishing, but for December let's dig in and watch the pit cars.

THINK! THINK! THINK! THINK! THINK!

HOW THEY HAPPENED

This is how he did it in October. Most of these suggest how you should not do it in December.

- Rope-rider** Entry latches flew open while empty trip was going in. He reached in to pull latches over when wheel caught fingers.
- Inside Laborer** Was pushing car under conveyor of Joy loader with hand on top of car. Large piece of coal rolled off conveyor, crushing hand between coal and top of car and necessitating amputation of finger.
- Miner** Was helping re-rail a loaded car. He was pushing on one end of car while other men were lifting car with lever. Block slipped permitting weight of car to come on left, badly spraining left knee.

Loader

Was dropping car down room. Car was built too high and piece caught cross bar falling on hand and breaking finger.

Miner

Was dropping a car down room. At curve at mouth of room he slipped in front of car and was caught between prop and car, fracturing left clavicle.

Miner

Was spragging car and caught finger in wheel of car.

Loader

While pulling coal from face, in stepping back tripped over rock and fell, a piece of coal falling on foot.

Miner

Was lifting a piece of coal and sprained back.

Driver

Was breaking a new mule and had snubbed an empty car to face of room. At end of rails he could not stop the mule and empty car was pulled over end. Driver was caught between tail chain and prop, badly bruising leg.

Miner

Was preparing to set a prop. A slab of rock fell from roof, striking him on head and causing severe laceration.

Trip rider

Attempted to throw latch in front of trip. His hand caught in latch and first car ran over it. Hand was badly crushed and part of one finger amputated.

Rope-runner

Piece of coal rolled off a car which has been built too high bruising foot.

Loader

Was putting sprag in car when he caught finger between sprag and wheel.

Loader

Had two cars in room neck. In attempting to drop first car on entry the second one started down, squeezing him between the two loads on entry.

Miner

Was loading a car in a dip room. His partner threw a tie across the track, dislodging the blocking. Car dropped over end of rails and pinned him between car and face, squeezing him through the hips.

Loader

Was taking out prop preparing to shoot. A piece of loose rock fell, badly lacerating scalp.

Timberman

Was employed as timberman, taking down loose top coal and timbering slope. He and his partner had taken down what they supposed was all the loose coal. They noticed that a piece was drawn a little so they put a bar under it and tried to bar it down but failed. They then decided to put a prop under it and while measuring for the prop it fell catching both men. One man suffered a bad laceration of the scalp and the other man received a broken back from which he died six weeks later.

ZERO HOUR

The U. S. Bureau of Mines in Bulletin 2638 sets forth "The Critical Time of Day for Coal Mine Explosions," the data based on a study of 256 explosions which occurred during 1909-1924, and by which 4,413 men were killed and 570 others injured.

Analyzing the causes for the 256 explosions developed the following:

Straight gas explosions	83 or	32.4%
Straight coal dust explosions	89 or	34.8%
Mixed gas and dust explosions	81 or	31.7%
Undetermined causes	3 or	1.1%

Total256 or 100.0%

From this study we find that it has been determined from the times given in these reports (in several cases no times were given) that the critical period in the morning ranges between 6 and 9 o'clock, when 88 explosions took place, with a peak at 7:30 o'clock. Of these, 55 were straight gas explosions, the remainder being either coal dust or mixed gas and coal dust explosions. The critical period in the afternoon or early evening ranges between 3 and 7 o'clock, when 113 explosions took place, with a peak at 6 o'clock. Of these, 87 were straight coal dust explosions, the remainder being either gas or mixed gas and coal-dust explosions. Between these morning and evening periods is one which might be called the noon period—that is, from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m.—when 26 explosions occurred. While some of these were normal type of explosions—that is, as to causes—others were of unusual cause and character, and are discussed later. A number of explosions (29 in all) took place during mid-afternoon, late at night, and early in the morning—that is, after midnight.

In general, the three peaks shown indicate gas ignition in the morning, some shot-firing at noon, and regular shot-firing in the evening. It will be apparent that extra vigilance should be exercised at these critical periods, particularly in the mornings, because then have many of the worst explosions taken place, largely due to the hazard of accumulation of gas during the night. Some discussion of the explosions enumerated follows:

Morning Explosions.

While firebosses generally try to examine for gas before the men enter the mine in the morning, sometimes, owing to there being too many working places to inspect, or to taking a chance, some place is neglected, with the result that miners entering therein with open lights ignite an accumulation of gas.

The period lapsing between the time of inspection and men entering workings is often too long, and although a working place may be clear when examined, a fall or other cause may result in an accumulation of gas which is accidentally ignited.

Sometimes a fireboss marks off a working place as being gassy, yet some miner with an open light takes no notice and goes in, with the only possible result—an ignition or an explosion.

Again, a pocket of gas may have collected and is marked by the fireboss. He may attempt to remove it, warning the men not to approach with open lights, yet occasionally someone does so, resulting in an ignition or explosion.

One fairly frequent cause of morning explosions is the leaving of ventilating doors ajar during the night. The air current is short-circuited thereby, and some workings will get no fresh air, consequently gas will collect, and the first man with an open light sets it off. This is not an uncommon happening, but luckily the accumulated gas is not always ignited.

Evening Explosions.

In the afternoon and evening there are many explosions. It is noticeable that the number drops at 4 p. m. As a rule the day shift goes out of the mine at 3:30 to 4 p. m. In mines where the miners do their own firing, or where it is done by shot-firing foremen

during the shift, one shot at a time, the firing would be completed at that time; but in mines where the firing is done by shot-firers when all other men are out of the mine it begins shortly after 4 o'clock, or if the mine has had a short day's run it may begin earlier. The dangers of rapid shot-firing by such special shot-firers is fully reflected in the number of explosions that take place between 5 and 6 p. m. At 6:30 there is a drop, and then at 7 p. m. the number again runs up. These explosions may result from gas, liberated by the shot-firing, or accumulations from other reasons, being ignited by the night shift when it reaches the face. Frequently the coal-cutting is done on night shift.

While many blown-out shots occur in mines, not all stir up the coal dust and so start an explosion, which is fortunate. Likewise it is fortunate that at this time so few men (generally only the shot-firers) are in the mine. Yet in the aggregate a large number of shot-firers have been killed. There is a case where 15 shot-firers were killed in one mine, nearly all singly; and there is another case where one shot-firer passed uninjured through five explosions.

Monday Morning Explosions.

A number of cases are in the Bureau's files describing explosions on Monday mornings. Mostly, these are the result of fans being stopped over the weekend. Take three examples: (1) A fan had been stopped on Sunday, and a blown-out shot at 7:45 a. m. on Monday ignited accumulated gas, which in turn stirred up the coal dust. (2) At 6:20 a. m. on Monday a fan was started, after being stopped over Sunday. At 6:50 a switch was closed at the power plant for sending current into the mine. An exposed pump switch underground happened to be closed, so that the current melted the fuses, which ignited accumulated gas. (3) A fan had been stopped over Sunday, and on Monday morning men entered the mine before it had been tested for gas. Soon after this an electric arc ignited accumulated gas.

It should therefore be clear that fans should be kept working on Sundays; but, if they are stopped for repair or other reasons, then the mine must be fully ventilated and tested on Mondays ere men enter therein. Explosions have happened on Sundays from this same cause.

Noon and Night Explosions.

On the whole, few explosions take place at noon time or late at night or very early in the morning—only 29 out of a total of 256. Impaired ventilation or accumulation of gas by other causes, ignited by open lamps, is one of the principal factors at these times. A few blown-out shots are also responsible at noon. At noon time two explosions were started by survey parties going into old and gaseous workings with open lights; lighting matches for smoking started three; defective safety lamps two; and ignition of powder left lying around carelessly another. Somewhat similar incidents happened during the night, generally when men were employed on special work.

Recommendations.

In view particularly of the number of early morning explosions, the following recommendations should receive the utmost consideration:

1st. The area assigned to each fireboss should not be too extensive. In some States each working place must, by law, be examined within three hours before it is entered by the oncoming shift. To do this within the area assigned but a perfunctory examination can be made in some cases, because it is a physical impossibility for a man to cover the ground in the time required.

One explosion costing nearly a hundred lives without doubt was indirectly caused by the evident inability of the fireboss to inspect his section. In fact, it was stated at the time of the explosion that two firebosses had formerly been employed for the same section.

2nd. The system of ventilation should be so planned that a minimum number of doors will be necessary. It may be cheaper in the end to build a few additional overcasts than to pay for the cost of an explosion.

3rd. Permissible electric lights and flame safety lamps should be substituted for open lights in all coal mines.

4th. The elimination of shooting off the solid and substitution of permissible explosives for black blasting powder.

5th. The prohibiting of any person, except a regular experienced shot-firer, from loading and charging holes.

6th. The frequent inspection of all electric power lines to see that they are properly installed, and that there is no danger from short circuits which might ignite a pocket of gas.—Reports of Investigation, Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines.

This study was made by Engineers L. D. Tracy and M. W. von Bernewitz and was originally suggested by Engineer T. T. Read and later revised by Engineer J. W. Paul of the Bureau of Mines. The recommendations made deserve the most serious attention of all.

(Continued from page 7)

"E", Edison Miners' Electric Safety Lamp was decided upon and purchased and negotiations were opened with the employes' organization preparatory to arranging for a rental charge to be paid by the underground men for the use of the lamps. At the present time the lamps have been installed at the various properties so that in the immediate future all mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company will be on a closed light basis.

The lamp itself is a remarkable triumph of ingenuity and precise scientific application, developed in the laboratory of Thomas Edison, the wizard of this century, the design improved by suggestions from Steinmetz, the outstanding electrical master of our time. It stands as a distinct mile post in the advance of our industry. Rugged and reliable, it gives a clear, non-glare light of six candle power, guaranteed for twelve hours' operation; as a matter of fact, the lamps, properly charged, are all good for sixteen hours and have been known to burn very much longer. They are a valuable means of identification, as each lamp bears an identifying number both on the battery box and on the cap. The recovery work in the recent explosion at Sublet, Wyoming, demonstrated very pointedly the use of the lamp battery in the identification of men lost underground.

In order to make a proper success of the use of electric lamps by miners the lamp house attendants must be carefully chosen and properly trained. The lamp man occupies a very responsible place in the operation of mines where the mines have been turned over to the exclusive use of the electric lamp. The failure to properly charge lamps may create a situation where it is impossible to operate the mine on the following day. For this reason, each unit of the lamp racks are placed on an alarm system whereby any interruption in the charging will be immediately detected by a designated man on duty at night, so that quick investigation may be made and the proper remedy applied.

In the United States there are at present many thousands of electric lamps in the hands of the miners in underground service. In the British Isles and in Continental Europe there will soon be no open lights employed. The practice is spreading rapidly to the British Empire and also to the metal mines of the world.

We advance! The march of progress cannot be halted.

"EXPLOSIONS MUST NOT OCCUR!"

GAS AGAIN

In the November issue of our magazine we read of the Air Mail Service and of the men and equipment that make the work a success. You will remember Captain Harry A. Chandler and his beautiful ship 355 shown in the illustration. On Friday night, November 7th, a fire broke out in the Cheyenne hangar and seven planes, among them Captain Chandler's 355, were destroyed.

As to the thing that was responsible for the fire: An electric light bulb on an extension cord fell to the floor and broke. Gasoline fumes were present and instantly ignited, enveloping the airplanes in a sheet of flame which spread and caused the total loss of the plant.

The lamp guard, which the regulations require, WAS NOT IN PLACE.

This unfortunate occurrence comes home to coal mining people and emphasizes the ever present need for constant and unrelenting vigilance.

MOTOR CAR OR HOUSE—WHICH?

The Persian poet, Haji Abdu El Yezdi, who was also a great philosopher, wrote ages ago:

"Cease man to mourn, to weep, to wail;
Enjoy thy shining hour of sun;
We dance along death's icy brink
But is the dance less full of fun?"

The brand of advice contained in the above stanza is the kind we all like to follow, but while the dance goes merrily on old "Father Time" is likewise dancing on, the fleeting passage of the years well expressed by the same poet in the words:

"Life in youth-tide standeth still;
In manhood streameth soft and slow;
See, as it nears the abysmal goal,
How fleet the waters flash and flow."

We have quoted the old philosopher-poet with the stanza that seems to justify the theory of "hitting it up," and likewise his melancholy reference to age.

Doubtless the question of buying a motor car comes up very frequently in many households; the question of buying a first car, of buying a new one in place of the old one, etc. Then the family ask themselves, "Can we afford a car? Why? Because we want one!" This answer seems sufficient and the car is bought, frequently with money to be earned in the future and by foregoing the purchase of other things or at the expense of a savings account. Perhaps if we made a few conservative figures, weighed the question carefully, there would not be so many cars made and sold.

What does a car cost? Many of us look only at the original price and the price of the gas it consumes. The real cost of owning a car is the total of the money we would have if we had saved and invested the cash spent in purchasing and operating the car. Let us attempt to analyze what it costs to own a modest priced motor car, costing new \$1,200, the car to be driven five years and thereafter to have a resale value of \$200.00. Keeping in mind the axiom that "It is not the first cost, but the upkeep that counts," we will attempt to arrive at the annual expense attached to owning a small motor car costing \$1,200 cash. The annual outlay will not be less than is shown below:

Depreciation, one-fifth of \$1,000.....	\$200.00
Gasoline at 20¢ per gallon, 6,000 miles per year	
at 20 miles to gallon	60.00
Tire replacement, basis 10,000 miles to set, two full sets in five years (very low).....	24.00
Repairs, lubricating oil, non-freezing mix, etc.	40.00
License, wheel tax and personal taxes.....	20.00
Garage room at \$2.50 per month.....	30.00

Total operating cost per year.....\$374.00

What does the small sum of \$374.00 really mean? Perhaps not very much, but expressed in labor it means two full months work for the average salaried man, or the man conducting a small business of his own. Often

it represents the sum required to cover medical skill and sick room necessities, it may even represent burial expenses when death comes, as it inevitably will to all of us.

Now let us see what the original investment plus five years operating costs would run up to if invested where it would bring six per cent interest instead of being translated into road miles.

The original investment	\$1,200.00
Interest on \$1,200, 5 years at 6% compounded semi-annually	413.00
Annual operating cost, 5 years at \$374.00....	1,870.00
Interest on operating cost at 6%.....	253.00
	<hr/>
	\$3,736.00
Less value of 5 year old car.....	200.00

Net cost over five year period.....\$3,536.00

We have not included any allowance for accident insurance to cover injury to persons, nor accident or fire insurance on the car, in substance our figures are low, too low, in fact. Of course we have had some splendid times, and assuming that our car owner is a good citizen, the family have enjoyed the car very much, but what about the home that the money spent on the car would help buy—would in fact more than buy if you repeated your first experiment in car ownership, the sum of money absorbed by two cars, over a period of ten years, exceeding \$10,000. A certain editor of a trade paper recently said:

"Motor cars are splendid things. They have a very prominent place in our modern civilization. There is no objection to anyone owning one—if he can afford it. The question is, when can you afford one? If every person who bought a car put as much in the bank as he put in his car, and then put away a dollar for every dollar spent on it, think of the added satisfaction he would have in driving it.

"That is about the only way you can afford to have one. Figure it out—are YOU doing that with yours?"

In closing we would like to offer a few words in defense of the theory of every man owning a home. Long before the poet John Howard Payne wrote the lines of his immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," Earl Wm. Pitt Chatham, of Chatham, a great English pleader of the early Eighteenth Century, uttered the following memorable words, words that have echoed and re-echoed in the forums and law courts of the world whenever the inviolacy of the home was attacked:

"The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England may not enter; all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

LAMENT OF A WATER BARREL

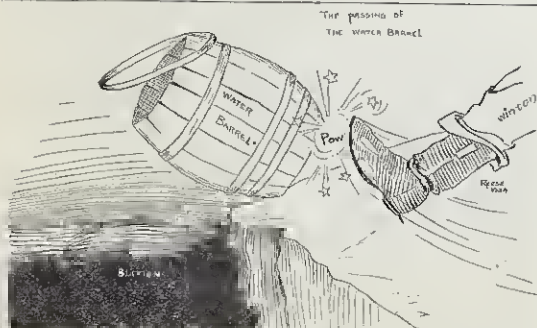
I am a Water Barrel. I am old and tired and leaky and broken. But I've had a long old life, an interesting life. Years ago when I first came out of the factory where I was proud of my shining coat, my strong staves, and my nice straight cover, my flat bottom, and above all—of the lovely trade mark on my side which said something very flattering and pleasant about the "57" varieties of H—z, I heard the men who stored me talk about. I didn't know what they were but I knew it must be remarkable to have so many. There were fifty of us, my brothers and I, in one section of the factory—and we all looked alike. I wondered how even fifty of us could be made so that we would all be different. I was proud of my pretty trade mark and very excited when I learned that I was soon going to be filled. I was taken to another factory where there were lots and lots of pretty girls in white aprons, and filled—then I felt that my real adventure would begin, that I might go out into the Big World and do things. But I was so ill that I don't remember very much about my journey. I do remember my first day in what everybody seemed to be calling a "store" at Winton. I was standing perfectly still beside a very pleasant box of dates when someone with a hatchet came along, took off my lid and scooped some of my "Varieties" out. I didn't mind sharing them, I had been taught to be unselfish, but as the days went by I worried about what would happen to me when all of them were gone. Each day I lost some until there were none left. I was alone. I stood in the same corner.

Then one day a smiling man someone called "Jeff" came up with a nice "motherly" looking woman and a little boy. He told her she could have me and she seemed so pleased that I was glad too. That night I was driven to her home—the little boy danced around me, gave me bangs on the side that made a funny echo, hollered Ho! Ho! Ho! down me and, because I wanted to be friendly with my new home folks, I hollered Ho! Ho! Ho! back every time he said it. In the morning a cart came along and filled me with water. Then I knew I was a Water Barrel, I loved to give Mrs. L— water every morning, but sometimes I didn't have enough to give her. In the winter it was so cold that the water in me froze and it hurt to have it smashed. Sometimes little Tommy hit me on the side and once he told his mother he'd go to school without washing his face because I was frozen so badly. Then in the summer the sun was so hot that the water in me dried up and I couldn't help getting little cracks. My staves would not stay together. At night after Tommy was in bed I coaxed them but they said they couldn't when they didn't have enough water.

One day Mrs. L— started to wash clothes. She dipped bucket after bucket out of me. There was no more water in me. She was cross, shook me, scolded me and then said she'd have to borrow from my neighbor who stood beside the house across the alley. I didn't like it. I was hurt and sad. I felt old and wished I didn't have to work any more.

Then one day a group of men passed me. They said: "We're nearly at the end of this." I thought they meant me. One said: "The new wells will give us heaps of water and the piping is almost done." A Mr. F.— they all seemed to like, said he'd write a story about me if he had time. He didn't have time because he had many figures to work over, but someone else, who'd heard once that, "stronger than an Army with Banvers is an idea whose time has come to be born," thought she'd like to write about me, and I'm glad she did, even if it isn't as good as Mr. F.— could have done. He knows me very well. But I wanted to see my story in print before I passed on. I am old and tired—and GONE.

THE WINTON WATER BARREL.





ROCK SPRINGS COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

By Mrs. Geo. B. Pryde.

The first Community Christmas Tree in Rock Springs was held in 1876. The Union Pacific Railway officials in Omaha thought the children of Rock Springs should have a Christmas tree and sent money to buy each child, under twenty-one, a gift. The miners took up a collection and raised an equal sum. Then two large pine trees were brought from Evans-ton, and placed at each end of the school platform and decorated.

But the supply of Christmas toys in the one store was limited and there was not enough time to send out of town, so the Committee bought every available thing that could be used as a gift—the gifts were then numbered and placed on the trees; each child drew a number, the article on the tree bearing the corresponding number being his gift. Mine was a pair of red and white glass vases, which I still have.

For several years following, the Community Tree was a feature of our Christmas celebrations. Those who wished to, took their gifts to be placed on the tree. Within a few years Sunday schools were started and then each School had a tree for its scholars. Of late years the Elks have had a Community Tree. Last year a myriad lighted tree was prepared on the living pine tree standing in the Depot Park, and there its many colored rays spoke of Christmas love, not only to the townsfolk but to the traveller who was forced to travel during the holiday season.



Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Williams of Cumberland.

MR. AND MRS. W. W. WILLIAMS

On December 31st it will be forty years since Mr. and Mrs. Williams were married, four years after Mr. Williams went to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company. They have lived at the Grass Creek, Almy, Spring Valley and Cumberland Camps. Mr. Williams says he has never had a time check in his life, that he has helped finish four camps and has moved to the next nearest one every time. "There's nothing gained by running around the country," is the way he expresses the philosophy that has guided his life.

Mr. Williams is fifty-nine years old and Mrs. Williams is fifty-seven years old, and they have seven living children and four grand-children. They are members of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, and think Cumberland is a pretty good place in which to live. Mrs. Williams took a trip through Utah and the Western States this summer, but is happiest at home where she has her family around her and where she is loved as a neighbor, adviser and friend.

Mr. Williams has been House Inspector and Deputy Sheriff for the last three years.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BILL

W. J. Stroud (Rocky Mountain Bill) says he came to Wyoming when they were making it and has stayed here ever since.

He knows his Wyoming as few men do, is a renowned hunter, fisherman and mountain climber. At one time he climbed Fremont Peak and placed a flag on the summit.

It is said of him that he can travel further and faster than most folks—that when he gets out of food he can find both food and drink in the ordinary despised onion. He used to use a team of horses but has recently succumbed to the modern desire for speed and drives an automobile.

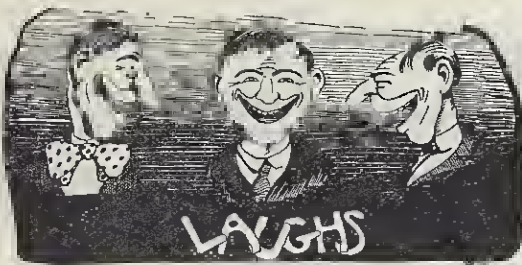
Mr. Stroud is a cabinet maker, a taxidermist, a photographer and lecturer. He possesses many splendid photographs of unusual Wyoming scenes that he has taken himself, some of which have been published in the National Geographic and other journals.

He visited Europe and the Holy Land during the last summer and has contributed an article on Bethlehem, the Birthplace of Christ, to our Christmas Magazine, which is printed elsewhere.

CHRIS JOHNSTON

Chris Johnston, Master Mechanic at Cumberland, was born in Denmark in 1867; he came to America in 1885 and began work for the Union Pacific Railroad at Rawlins, Wyoming. In 1889 he came to Rock Springs, entering the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company where he has remained ever since, except for one year when he went back to the Railroad.

Mr. Johnston prospected as a driller in the Cumberland, Reliance, Superior and Hanna fields. He is an Odd Fellow, Knights Templar and a Shriner, belonging to the Rock Springs Branches of these Lodges. Mr. Johnston likes chicken shooting, is proud of the new Cumberland Band, is a roofer for the Cumberland First Aid Teams and very much enjoys the Employees' Magazine. He mails his copies to a brother who formerly lived in this vicinity but is now back in the old country and eager for news. When he retires Mr. Johnston means to have a wonderful garden.



HUMOR

Well, She's Right at That

My little daughter was looking forward with much enthusiasm to the arrival of her fifth birthday. I awakened her, saying:

"Well, you are five years old today."

She sprang out of bed, ran to a long mirror, looked at herself and, with a disgusted expression, exclaimed:

"I don't believe I am five 'cause I look just like I did yesterday."

A Thief by Any Other Name

The neighbors had not seen Jennie for several days. When at last she did appear on the sidewalk in front of her house, one woman asked, "Why, Jennie, where have you been?"

"I was kept in the house to punish me," answered the small culprit, "'cause I misplaced what didn't belong to me."

High Praise

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty! Say, when she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss."—Boston Transcript.

Explained

Old Darcy (to shiftless friend)—"I hearn tell you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me. Is you?"

Friend (ingratiatingly)—"I ain't saying I ain't."

Old Darcy (severely)—"I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is."—Exchange.

The Silent Partner

"Does yo' take this woman for yo' lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothing," gloomily responded the bridegroom. "Ah's bein tooked."—American Legion Weekly.

Wanted the Cheapest

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."—Yale Record.

It Meant the Same Thing

"Well," she inquired, "what can I do for you? Do you want employment?"

"Lady," replied the tramp, "you means well, but you can't make work sound any more invitin' by using words of three syllables."

Willing to Take Risk

The common belief that it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven prevents few men from trying to get rich.—Nelson News.

Business Is Business

Two brothers were owners of a chain of stores when the World War broke out. The younger of the brothers, Abe, was fortunate enough to become a member of the selective draft and sent overseas to do his bit in order that Democracy might prevail. One night as he was about to "go over the top" he received a cablegram from his brother, Maurice, which read as follows: "Store No. 1 burned down, fully covered by insurance; how's your health?" Several days later he received a similar dispatch: "Store No. 2 burned down, fully covered by insurance; how's your health." By this time Abe was in a dilemma and not wishing to be without facts, cabled back to Maurice as follows: "Never mind how's my health, keep the home fires burning."—Forbes.

These Effete Times

In the rough days of yore a man could beat his wife with a club, but now it isn't safe even to beat her at bridge.—Calgary Albertan.

Why

"Why is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good-natured?"

"We have to be," answered Bob. "Yon see, we can't either fight or run."

Helpful Husks

As a means of hastening repentance nothing so far has been more effective than a diet of husks.—Winnipeg Free Press.

You're Wrong, Isabel

Isabel, age 9, had just been told the story of Daniel in the lion's den. Then mother asked, "And what do you think Daniel did the very first thing after he was saved from the lions?"

Without much hesitation, Isabel replied, "Why, he must have telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."—Selected.

Quite Another Matter

Irate Papa: "No, sir. My daughter can never be yours."

Bright Suitor: "Quite right, sir. She cannot possibly be my daughter. I only wanted her to be my wife."—Colorado Dodo.

No Hope

He: "They say that people who live together grow to look alike."

She: "Then you absolutely must consider my refusal as final."—New York Medley.

A Real Benefit

"How I envy you your group of children," remarked the bachelor to his long-married friend.

"Children certainly do brighten the home," replied the other, gratified.

"What? Oh, yes, yes, of course. But what I was thinking of—look at the tax exemption you can claim on them."—The American Legion Weekly.

Learning Our Slang

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across."—Boston Transcript.

Previous issues of the Magazine have announced that a prize will be given to any boy or girl under sixteen years of age who obtains a certificate from their teacher stating that they have committed to memory and can recite any six of the poems that have been published in this section of the Magazine. This offer will close January 31st, so send in your certificates as soon as possible.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a Mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was the Mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 With the poor and mean and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
 He would honour and obey
 Love, and watch the lowly Maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew.
 And He feeleth for our sadness.
 And He shareth in our gladness.

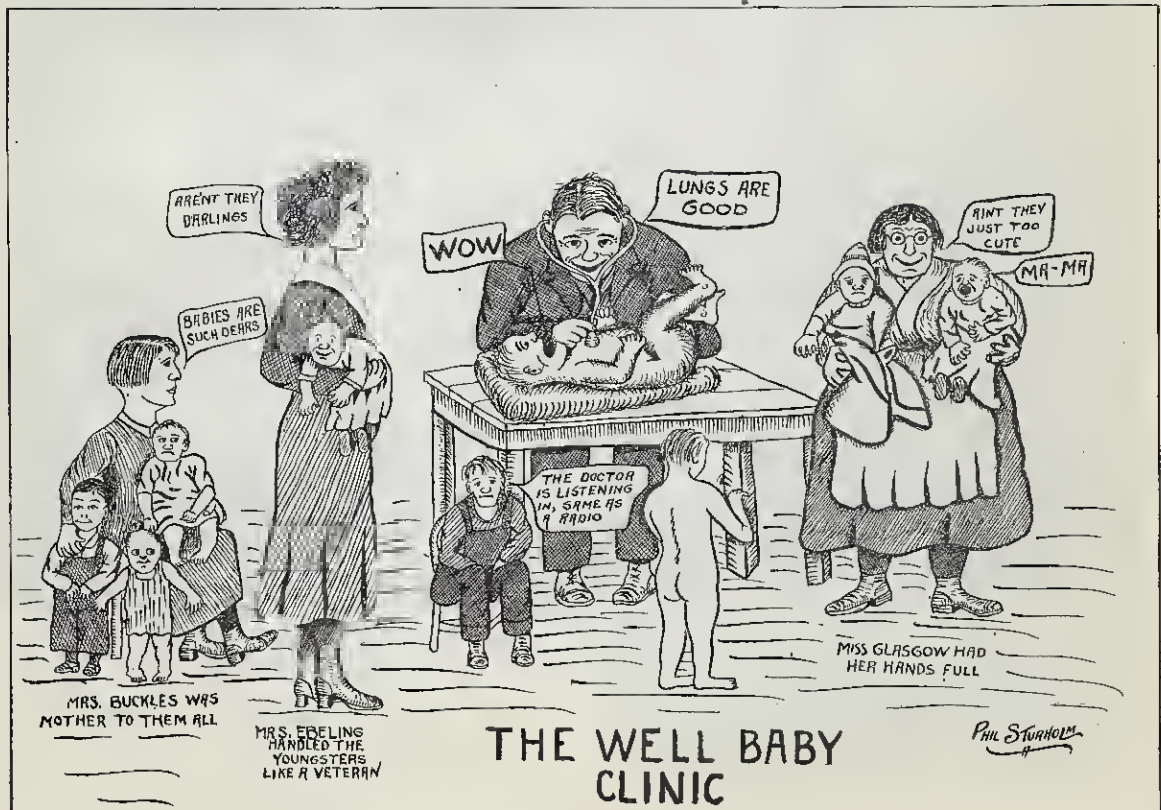
And our eyes at last shall see Him.
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heav'n above.
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crown'd
 All in white shall wait around.

No Christmas hymn written in our own day is more popular than this beautiful poem by Mrs. Alexander, who was born in 1818 and died in 1895. She wrote many fine poems for children, chiefly on religious subjects. Mrs. Alexander was the wife of the Bishop of Derry.

EQUALS UNIVERSITY

The man educated in the workshops of the country is just as great as the man educated in a great university. His education is just as much education as education received in a university. All education—education of every kind—is necessary if the United States is to occupy the foremost position in the world. The time has come when aristocracy will not be an aristocracy of birth or wealth, but an aristocracy of persons who do something worth while for their people or for their country.—Charles M. Schwab.





1. Mrs. Jos. Marta and Arthur Marta, 2 years; Mrs. C. Cardera and Charles R. Cardera, 6 months.
2. Mrs. Ed Williams, and Louisa Williams, 8 months; Mrs. Ralph Denson and Shirley Denson, 8 months; Day Denson, 28 months.
3. Mrs. Mabel Glasgow, Nurse, and Evelyn Neal, Demonstrating her ability as an acrobat.
4. Bobby and Betty Benson, 3-months-old twins of Mrs. A. Benson.
- 5 and 6. Dortha Louisa Williams, daughter of Mrs. Ed. Williams.
7. Evelyn Neal.

Mother's Department

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Cranberry Conserve.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 quarts cranberries | Grated rind and juice 1 |
| 3 cups water | orange |
| 3 pounds sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds chopped nut- |
| 1 pound seeded or seed- | meats, optional |
| less raisins | |

Wash the cranberries and pick them over carefully, add the water, bring to boiling point, and cook until the berries burst. Press through a sieve, then return the pulp to the saucepan, add the sugar, raisins, orange rind and juice and simmer for twenty minutes. Add the nut-meats if used, turn into jars and seal when cold.

Cost of Making: \$1.11. Time of Making: 1 hour. Makes: About 3 quarts.

Candied Orange Rind.

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| Orange rind | Granulated sugar |
| Water | |

Cut the rind into narrow strips of as even length as possible. Place in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring slowly to boiling point. Drain, add fresh water, bring to boiling point a second time, then repeat the process once more and this time simmer the fruit and water together until the rind is sufficiently tender to be easily pierced by the head of a pin.

Make a syrup in the proportions of one pound of sugar to one cup of water, place the cooked orange rind in this and simmer slowly until the syrup is almost all absorbed. Drain, cool, and roll the strips in granulated sugar.

Any left-over syrup may be kept for use in making a further supply of candied rind, or for use in pudding sauces or mince meat.

The same formula may be used for candied grapefruit or lemon rind with both of which, however, overnight soaking in cold water is necessary to draw out some of the bitterness before cooking. As well with grapefruit and lemon rind it may be well to scald the fruit four times instead of three.

Spiced Almonds

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's | White of 1 egg. |
| sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground gin- |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound blanched al- | ger |
| monds | 2 teaspoons cold water |

2 tablespoons cornstarch

Sift together twice the sugar, cornstarch and spices. Beat the white of egg and water slightly together, dip the nuts into it, a few at a time, then drain them very thoroughly and drop into the sugar mixture coating them well with it. Lay them on a baking sheet, not allowing them to touch each other, place in a very cool oven—325 degrees F.—and bake until the nuts are crisp and delicately browned.

Cost of Making: 60c. Time of Making: $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Rich Christmas Cookies.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup butter | $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched chopped | 1 teaspoon baking pow- |
| almonds or English | der |
| walnuts | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 eggs | 1 teaspoon ground ciuna- |
| 1 cup sugar | mon |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla ex- | |
| tract | |

Beat the butter and sugar until light and creamy, add the eggs, well beaten, one at a time, then the almonds or walnuts and vanilla. Sift and add the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon, mix to a light dough, then roll out on a floured board. Cut into stars

or rings, brush over with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake on a greased sheet in a quick oven about ten minutes. If preferred, cookies can be frosted when cold with a white frosting and decorated with tiny red and green candies. Cost of Making: 73c, without frosting. Time of Making: 1 hour. Makes: About 4 dozen.

Recipe for White Fruit Cake—Delicious

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white seedless |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard or erisco | raisins |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttermilk or | 1 scant teaspoon soda |
| sour milk | dissolved in the milk |
| 2 cups flour | 2 teaspoons baking pow- |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely sliced cit- | der sifted with the |
| ron | flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut meats | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| crushed into small | 1 teaspoon lemon extract |
| pieces | |

Lastly the whites of four eggs beaten stiff and mixed thoroughly into the dough. Bake in one large loaf slowly in a moderate oven.

Santa Claus Salad.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 cups shredded white | 1 teaspoon onion juice |
| cabbage | Cottage cheese |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced celery | Melted butter or substi- |
| Green and red sweet pep- | tute |
| pers | Chopped roasted peanuts |
| Boiled or mayonnaise | Salt and cayenne |
| salad dressing | |

Shred cabbage and put in ice water. Cut the peppers in narrow rings, removing the seeds. To the salad dressing add the onion juice. Roll enough cottage or cream cheese into a ball the size of a walnut for each guest. Drain cabbage and mix with the celery and dressing. Pile in salad bowl, decorate with alternating rings of the red and green peppers. Make a little hollow in the center of the salad, and fill this with the cheese balls which have been rolled in the crushed roasted peanuts. Wrap the stem of a sprig of holly in waxed paper and put in the very center of all.



Clarence Johnson, Junior, Cumberland.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Conducted by Bess Mac.

Dear Girls:

Just a word to wish you joy at Christmas time. This most glorious and beautiful of celebrations casts once more its own peculiar spell over our spirits. It comes to us clothed in fondest memories, beautified by art, enshrined in music and poetry, and hallowed by its sacred meaning. At this time we are bidden to lay aside all other claims and join together in one splendid world-wide response to the invitation: "Oh Come, Let Us Adore Him."

We have been taught that God is Majesty and Glory and Magnificence. We should have known that He is, had we not been taught it, because we, as Scouts, have seen His Majesty and Glory in His Creation, in His beautiful World—but now at Christmas time we see God revealed in Jesus, His Son, who came to earth as a little Babe, and we realize God, the Heavenly Father, through Him.

GIRL SCOUTS AND CHRISTMAS CAROLS

On Christmas eve, at dusk, the Girl Scout Troops, with their officers and an escort will sing Christmas Carols. The Troops taking part will be:

Troop II—With Capt. M. Brabzon.

Troop III—Lieut. Jane Beck.

Troop IV—Capt. L. Morrison and Lieut. M. Sheddon.

Troop V—Capt. Mrs. R. Burt and Lieut. I. Huling.

Troop VI—Capt. Cornielson and Lieut. Dorothy Bell.

Troop VII—Capt. Mrs. C. N. Bell.

Troop I, Reliance—Capt. H. S. Buckles.

The Scouts ask that the friends who wish them to sing in front of their homes place a lighted candle in the window.

The city will be districted and a troop go to each section so that no one will be missed. The girls are particularly anxious to sing for any shut-ins who will miss the Christmas services.

OLD CHRISTMAS

The very spirit of the old-fashioned Christmas breathes again in these graphic verses from the pen of the great Sir Walter Scott. In the twenty-sixth line the word "underogating" means that the nobleman, "without losing his dignity," may at this festal season play at games with the humble villager.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill.

But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the new-born year

The fittest time for festal cheer;

And well our Christian sires of old

Loves when the year its course had roll'd

And brought blithe Christmas back again

With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite

Gave honour to the holy night;

On the Christmas Eve the bells were rung;

On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:

That only night in all the year

Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen,

The hall was dress'd with holly green;

Forth to the wood did merry-men go,

To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall

To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;





New Fork Lake Reunion in the High School Gymnasium. The Other Scouts Joined the Campers.

Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride:
The hair, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."

All hail'd with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of Salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord,
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

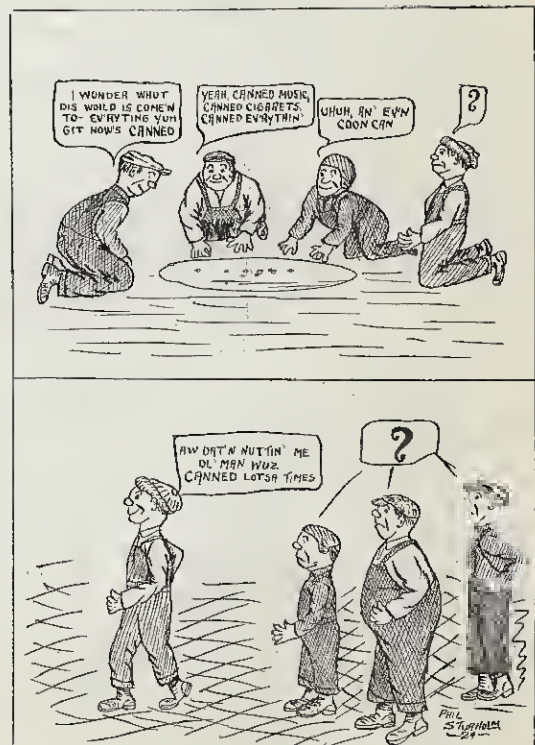
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tides, her savoury goose.

Then came the merry-makers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;

White shirts supplied the masquerade,

And smutted cheeks the visors made:—
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.



Up-to-date!



Dear Boys and Girls:

With the monthly poem this month you will find a note telling that you may send in your teacher's certificate saying that you can recite, from memory, six of the poems published in the Magazine during the year, anytime before the 31st of January, 1925. This may look like a fair task, but you'll remember that there are several poems that you almost know now—dig them out and see; recite six of them to your teacher, send us a certificate from her before January 31st and receive a prize.

We told you last month that we would publish the prize-winning stories in the vacation story contest in this issue. Here they are.

EDITOR.

FIRST PRIZE STORY

My Vacation

By Sidney Reynolds

The day after school was out last May found me on the Box E. Ranch one hundred and thirty-five miles north of here.

The next day my friends celebrated my coming by getting me bucked off my horse in the forenoon and letting me try to help brand in the afternoon. The following day I went out to help the boys do some fencing. I did pretty well at driving posts with the eighteen pound maul until one post happened to be quite a distance out from the wagon. I swung down on the post with all my might; the post, however, didn't happen to be where I thought it was and I landed on the bridge of my nose some six feet from the wagon. I devoted the next three or four weeks of my vacation to building fences and curing my nose.

Having finished fencing, "Peggy" Jenkins, of Rock Springs, and I took a hundred mile horse back ride. We went to Roaring Fork and then up to Green River Canyon. We arrived home at the Box E. three days after we left.

I spent the Fourth of July at New Fork Lake and enjoyed myself immensely. I also attended the Pine-dale Rodeo on the fifth of July.

On the seventeenth of July I went to work at New Fork Lake. I was cooking there for some people. I stayed at the Lake until the last of July.

Shortly after I left the Lake I went to work for C. C. Alexander, owner of the Three-Quarter Circle Ranch.

To complete my vacation I attended the Jackson Hole Rodeo, August 28th, 29th and 30th, and the Rock Springs Rodeo, September 1st.

I enjoyed my vacation very much. I made new friends, saw new sights, and attempted new feats. Now I am glad to be back in school.

SECOND PRIZE STORY

How I Spent My Vacation

By Catherine Absher

It was Springtime, and the apple blossoms were shedding their fragrance all over everything. The little orchard below an old colonial house was a sight to see against the dark green of the pines.

My friend Laura and I were having the time of our lives on the old board swing beneath an old pine tree. My dog, Whiskers, a frisky airdale pup, was barking at us to play with him.

"Where is it that you are moving to?" asked Laura for the twentieth time.

"I'm sure I do not know," I answered. A preacher never knows until the time comes."

The next day Laura would be leaving and maybe we, too, would leave in three or four weeks. That evening my father announced at supper time that we would stay at our grandfather's and grandmother's home in Illinois. (We were living in Indiana.) There, of course, was a great babble of excitement, for my grandparents own a great tract of land on the edge of town. The house is rather small, but it has a huge back yard with a small orchard. We children (there are three of us) have a great deal of fun there.

Three weeks later we were on the train going to Albion, the town where my grandparents live. Elizabeth Ann, my six year old sister, and my eight year old brother and I were jumping up and down with excitement.

"We are almost there," shouted William.

"Yes," said my father, "we had better get our things together."

Such a scrambling of feet as followed, as we reached for our hats, coats and suit cases.

"Now, I guess we are all together," said mother.

Grandmother and Grandfather gave us a hearty welcome. We then ate supper and went to bed. The next morning, as I lay in bed I could recognize the notes of the cardinal, thrush, catbird and robin. That day I explored the whole place again. The garden had just begun to sprout green things. I found a pair of robins busily building their nest and a male cardinal sweetly singing to his mate.

Dear old grandfather plowed a bit of land for me and gave me some seeds for a flower garden.

Two weeks before he left, Daddy called us out in the back yard and said, "Children, I am going out West to preach for the summer, and before I go I want to give you a surprise." He then took us out into the orchard and showed us a tent.

That summer was surely a happy one. Near the close we spent a couple of weeks with my other grandparents.

After dark one evening I began to whistle "Bob-white," and through the dusk came a sleepy call "Bob-white."

One day a wonderful letter came from Daddy, telling us that we were to come out there to live. Two weeks later we were speeding toward our new home, Hanna, Wyoming.

THE HEAVENS IN DECEMBER

With December's clear frosty nights the winter constellations are a blaze of glory, Orion, the Mighty Hunter, scintillates high in the south, with Taurus, the Bull, above and to the right, and Sirius, the Dog Star, the greatest of all stars, below and to the left. Sirius, also known as Canis Major (the Great Dog), is so far away that it takes 8.7 years for its light to travel to the earth. The Great Bear (the Big Dipper) swings around the Pole Star, visible in the evening in the northeast, and our familiar friend Cassiopeia gleams like a great letter "W" well up in the northwest. Look for the Pleiades high up and to the east of Orion, they represent the fabled Seven Sisters, daughters of Atlas, the god who was said to hold the earth on his shoulders. Only six of the sisters are visible to the naked eye, one said to have left her high position to avoid seeing the city of Troy fall. Tennyson, the sweet singer, in his Locksley Hall, said:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion, sloping slowly
to the west.
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising
thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled
in a silver braid."

A BIRTHDAY CAKE FROM ENGLAND

This is Mary Ritson's first birthday cake. It is an iced fruit cake sent for Mary's birthday by her Aunt Mrs. Norman Dunn of England. It traveled 7,000 miles, arriving just in time for the birthday party, in perfect condition—not a crack in the icing. Mary is proud of her beautiful cake and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Ritson of No. 4 have reason to be very, very proud of these two beautiful girls.



Norma and Mary Ritson, with Mary's first Birthday Cake, which came from England.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE

(Told by a Christmas Stocking)

It was long past midnight, and the Stocking was angry.

"To be taken out of a nice comfortable drawer on a winter night," it said querulously, "and, without being hung on a nice horse in front of the kitchen fire, to be strung up to a bedpost like a common thing. Upon my word, it is too bad!"

A little girl lay fast asleep in the bed. The curtains were drawn across the window. In a saucer on the bureau burned a night-light. The clothes of the sleeper lay neatly folded on a chair beside the wall; the stockings which she had worn during the day hung dreaming over the back of this chair, and underneath were her little buckled shoes, both of them snoring.

"I miss my mate," said the Stocking, glancing at the folded pair of sleeping stockings over the back of the chair. "It's downright monstrous to take one stocking from a drawer and leave its mate behind! If I worked for a one-legged child or a mermaid it would be a different matter. Oh, my poor heel and toe, how cold it is!"

Just as it finished speaking there was a noise in the chimney, and, looking in the direction of the fireplace, the Stocking was amazed to see a very old, white-bearded gentleman in a red cloak with a hood on his head, descending to the hearth. The night-light burned suddenly brighter; the room became warm and cheerful. The Stocking, which was too wonder-struck to speak, thought that it had never seen such a quaint old man in all its life.

"If this is a burglar," it thought, "may I have a potato in my heel for the rest of my life!"

The old gentleman, who was no other person than Father Christmas, advanced to the bed and let a big bag which he carried on his shoulder slide to the ground.

"Ha," he said, in a very cheerful voice, "how she has grown, to be sure! Why, when I was here twelve months ago I could have put her into one of my waistcoat pockets." He looked about the room. "Nice and tidy," he said approvingly. "Clothes neatly folded; frock hung up; books nicely put away; no broken toys about; the doll I gave her last year safely tucked up in its cradle, the Teddy Bear hasn't lost an eye, and grey rabbit is still full of sawdust. Come, Marsie, you're growing quite a good little girl." He walked to the foot of the bed. "Ha," he said, laughing, "this is the only night in the year when the foot of the bed has a stocking!" He put his hand on the Stocking, and said: "Well, my grumbling friend, how do you find yourself tonight?"

"Rather lonely," answered the Stocking. "I miss my mate terribly; and it's cold. They took me out of my nice warm drawer and hung

me up here alone in the dark without a glimpse of the fire."

"Oh, I'll warm you quick enough!" said Father Christmas, and, diving into his sack and pulling out all manner of toys and boxes of sweets, he began to cram the Stocking with Christmas presents.

"Hold hard!" cried the Stocking. "You'll split me if you aren't careful! What next, I wonder! I'm a stocking. What do you take me for—a Danish bazaar, the toy department of a big store, or what?"

Father Christmas laughed.

"You're new to this game, then?" he asked.

"I was only born this winter," said the Stocking. "I grew on a very nice sheep in Russia until the beginning of the spring. Then I was cut off, sent to a mill, and woven into the handsome stocking that you see I am now. I've only been worn four times, and I've scarcely shrunk the eighth of an inch in the wash. I thought I was in for a very easy life. My young lady doesn't wear me hard, and Neto, her auntie, is a good darter. I go for walks in the garden, rides with the pony, and drives in the motor-car. If it's very cold they wrap me in leggings, and put a nice fur rug over them. Hi! What are you up to now? I can't bear any more! You're stretching me out of shape! You'll burst me!"

In the morning, very early, Marsie woke up and emptied the Stocking of all its toys and sweets, and let it fall on the floor. Aunt Neto came later, kissed the little maid, and picked up the Stocking.

"Your work is done," said she, and placed the Stocking back in the drawer.

"Well," said its mate, "and where have you been all the night? Staying out by yourself till the morning like this! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you know you ought."

"My dear," said the Stocking, "I've never worked so hard before or been so happy. But permit me to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and snuggling down in his drawer, he went to sleep.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS OR

'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Written in 1822 for his own children by Clement Clarke Moore (who was born in New York July 15, 1797; died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 10, 1863); the verses were published anonymously and without the author's knowledge, only to find a place in the hearts and memories of millions, living all over the globe.

'Twas the night before Christmas,

When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring—

Not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there,

The children were nestled all snug in their beds

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;

And Mama in her kerchief and I in my eap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,

Gave a lustre of midday objects below;

When what to my wandering eye should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a lively old driver little and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen

On, Comet, On Cupid, On Dunder, and Blitzen."

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall

Now dash away, dash away, all.

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he just looked like a peddler opening

his pack;

His eyes how they twinkled: his dimples how merry,

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, a nod of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk.

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down off a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

“Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a Good Night.”



Marie Halladay, 19 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Halladay, Winton.



Social Items

WINTON

Mrs. Messinger entertained the Needlecraft Club at her home Wednesday afternoon, October 29th.

Charlotte Reams entertained about thirty youngsters at a birthday party Saturday evening, November 1st.

Tuesday evening the people of Megeath were able to get the election returns by radio through the courtesy of Mr. Shuping, who took his radio to the hall for this purpose.

The Needlecraft Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Tom Preston Wednesday afternoon, November 12th.

A dance was given Saturday night, November 8th, by the Marlors Orchestra.

The Girl's First Aid Team meets every Monday evening at the school house under the supervision of Mrs. George Phillips. The following are members of the team: Thelma Phillips, Anna Herd, Irene Benson, Dorothy Horn, Bernice Redshaw and Ruth Redshaw.

Monday night, November 3rd, a First Aid Contest was held at the hall with three of our local teams competing. Following is the winning team with Victor Emus, captain, making 286 out of a possible 300. Henry Wardlow, Spero Besso, Charlie Besso, James Meyers and Mike Zabich. The judges were Dr. Cody, Elijah Daniels and Wm. Woods. Wm. Russell was time-keeper. Tom Gibson, head of the Safety First Department, delivered an address. Prizes were awarded the teams and Mr. Gibson made the presentation speeches.

A masquerade ball was given Friday night, October 31st. Jesse Shuping, dressed as George Washington, won the gentlemen's first prize, and Rose Tayo, dressed as a gypsy, won the ladies' first prize. Eugene Andrews and Merrill Fisk won second prizes as Charlie Chaplin and a Fortune Teller.

The coasting has been fine and old and young are out enjoying the winter sport these evenings.

Miss Sonebreaker is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stuart Tait.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Pecolar and children spent Sunday, November 9th, in Superior.

Mrs. Sanchez and children left Saturday, November 15th, for California.

The teachers are planning for a big Christmas program to be given by the school children at Christmas time.

Our show hall has been kalsomined and repainted inside.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Carter are the proud parents of a baby daughter, born Saturday, November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bunker visited at the F. A. Kaul home during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brierley and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pecolar visited at the Mike Pecolar home Tuesday, November 4th.

Garner Adams of Crofton, Kentucky, is located here, staying at the home of George Phillips.

RIALTO THEATRE ROCK SPRINGS

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

EVERY SUNDAY

5 P. M. TWO SHOWS 8 P. M.

WED., THUR., FRI., DEC. 3-4-5

The Year's Biggest Picture

"THE SEA HAWK"

By Rafael Sabatini

ONE SHOW—8 P. M.

Special Music Score

Reserved Seats 50c—Loges 75c.

THUR., FRI., SAT., DEC. 11-12-13

The Biggest Comedy Yet

HAROLD LLOYD

—IN—

"HOT WATER"

Positively No Advance, 10-25-35

COUNTRY STORE EVERY MONDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delgado of Rock Springs visited at the Kenyon home during the month.

John Stefenson received the majority of votes for Justice of the Peace and Tom Hanks for Constable.

Mrs. John Hudak and Mrs. Frink of Rock Springs were visitors at the home of Ray Dodds during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Tonoff of Bingham, Utah, visited at the P. Marinoff home during the month.

Yates Niswonger, who has been living with his uncle, George Phillips, is now located at Parco.

Martin Stefenson was very ill during the month.

Mrs. Arthur Hochguertel returned October 22nd, from Denver after spending several weeks visiting relatives.

Mrs. E. A. Oliver of Rock Springs visited her daughter, Mrs. Tom Hanks, during the month.

ROCK SPRINGS

Mrs. Jas. V. MacDonald returned from Denver on Sunday, November 3rd.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Matt Wilde on November 3rd, at their home on 9th Street.

Several of our employces attended the First Aid contest held at Winton on November 3rd. William Woods and Eliga Daniels acted as judges.

Every one is looking forward to the big First Aid dance to be given on November 22nd.

Mildred, the nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hause, was operated on for appendicitis on November 10th. She is now rapidly recovering.

The mine office acknowledges a pleasant call from Jack Dewar, of Reliance. Jack is now the pay-roll clerk at that place.

Jas. MacDonald, Sr., and son Jas. MacDonald, Jr., went to Laramie on November 5th to attend the

funeral of their grandson and nephew, Robert Benedict, Jr.

Thomas Crofts, Pumper at No. 6 wells, was on the sick list the first week in November.

Mrs. F. L. McCarty's brother, Irvin and Clarence Harris, visited with her the first of the month, enroute from Jackson Hole to their home in Evanston. They were successful in killing an elk while on the trip to Jackson.

Jack Farrington of Winton has contracted to drill a hole near "E" Plane tippie, to be used to pump mine water from the mine.

Frank Parr and James Pryde are working at the charging station and are taking care of the new Edison safety lamps. No. 4 Mine commenced using the lamps on November 3rd, and No. 8 Mine on November 10th.

Garvin Young, our Outside Foreman, is sporting a new Chrysler touring car.

Mrs. Wm. Askey was quite seriously injured in an automobile accident on Tuesday, November 11th.

Albert Hardin, our pipe-fitter, is assisting with the laying of the new pipe-line for the water works at Reliance.

Mike Fenus, miner in No. 7 Mine, has undergone an operation for hernia. He is now rapidly recovering.

H. L. Mooney, who is employed at the armature shop, has returned from Carthage, Mo., where he was married on November 2nd to Miss Jewell E. Chumbley of that place. The happy couple have gone to housekeeping at No. 304 Bridger Avenue, where they are receiving congratulations from their many friends.

Wm. F. Willson, of the carpenter shop, has been ill at his home at No. 6 for the past two weeks.

Ed. Prieshoff, of the Accounting Department, transacted business at the mine office on Wednesday, November 12th.

S. E. Deane, our former civil engineer, who has been employed at Superior the past year, is leaving on November 15th, for British Columbia, where he expects to locate.

John Ross, Sr., who had his leg fractured recently, is now able to be about with the aid of a pair of crutches.

A. T. Henkell, Assistant General Master Mechanic, has returned to Rock Springs after having spent the past six weeks at Cumberland and Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Harrington were called to Salt Lake City on Saturday, November 8th, to be at the bed side of Mrs. Harrington's brother, John Gibbs, who is in a critical condition, which resulted from a recent accident he received while working in the mine at Cumberland.

Mr. Henningson, electrician at Hanna, has been here the past week and visited our new charging station.

Anton Ramoush and his son, Frank, are again employed here, after having spent some time in Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carter visited with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Shuping at Winton on Sunday, November 9th.

Matt Medill has been showing some large trout he recently caught in the Pinedale country, and states that he must now quit for this season but expects to be the first one to start the new season next Spring.

SUPERIOR

The I. O. O. F. and Rebecca lodges gave a joint social and 500 party at the Opera House on October 18th. Mrs. George Noble and Felix Konzatti won the first prizes and Reverend A. Bacon and Mrs. William Powell, of Rock Springs, won the consolation prizes.

Mrs. I. A. Hay and Mrs. Emil Droege entertained the teachers at a luncheon and card party on October 25th.

Simpson's orchestra from Green River furnished the music for the masquerade on October 31st. Good costumes and fun galore!

Will the party who carried the still away from the Miuo Office either return the still or call for the bottles? No questions asked; no reward offered; but the party is known.

The Masonic Club gave their second monthly dance at the Opera House on November 1st.

The teachers entertained the Guild ladies and their husbands at a dance and program on November 7th.

Everyone enjoyed the "kiddies" in Tom Thum's Wedding November 11th. Miss Catherine Myers of Marshall, Okla., directed the play.

Superior's traffic cop had Mrs. J. O. Holen up on the carpet the other day for parking overtime in front of the Union Pacific Coal Company Store. The only excuse she could offer was that she was doing her Christmas shopping early.

The Night Club "surprised" Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hay November 13th. Mrs. Rudger Robinson and Mr. H. A. Wylam brought home the two first prizes, and Mrs. William McIntosh and Mr. Rudger Robinson carried away the consolation prizes.

The Penny Auto Club met at the home of Mr. C. A. Murray on November 14th.

Miss Roberta Applegate has gone to California to spend the winter with her aunt.

RELIANCE

The Women's Club gave a pie Social for the ball players on October 13th and a card party on November 3rd. Those present report a good time on both occasions.

The Reliance people are enjoying the Radio Concerts every night in the First Aid Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gibbs went to Evanston to attend the funeral of John Gibbs.

The children of the camp have been enjoying themselves coasting since the last fall of snow.

Reverend R. Burt, Reverend R. E. Abraham and Reverend S. Pyle have held services in Reliance during the month.

The ditch digging machine that was brought to Reliance to dig the ditch for the new water works has finished the ditch work on the pipe lines and the pump house is progressing, and the Reliance people will be getting water from the new well in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McPhie are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Birchard, of Spring Canyon, Utah.

Mr. William Spence has purchased a new Studebaker car.

K. Tammanaha is in the Wyoming General Hospital with an injured neck. He was holding onto a loaded car going down the room when he fell and struck his face on the bottom.

Mr. Joe Miller, Sr., is on the sick list suffering from erysipelas.

Mr. Hennington of Hanna has been in camp helping with the installation of the electric lamps.

The Americanization and Vocational School is expected to start some time this month.

The Reliance people are making preparations for the Annual Community Tree for the children.

Somebody surely pulled off a great stunt last month. They moved the road between here and town and a Reliance citizen and some of his friends who were going to town after the dance did not notice that the road had been moved and the car turned over. Luckily no one was injured, but the car was damaged.

HANNA

Mr. C. E. Moffit and son, Guy, made us an official visit on November 2nd, in connection with their duties as Scale Inspectors.

Election day passed off quietly, with a good vote polled, and once again the majority rules.

The Armistice Day dance given by the Ex-service men at the Opera House on Monday evening, November 10th, was well attended and all present had a jolly good time.

The community was shocked to learn of the death of Sam Bisignato, who passed away at the Hanna Hospital on Tuesday, October 21st. Deceased had been a resident of Hanna and a trusted employe of the Coal Company for a number of years, and was held in high esteem by all his fellow workers. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to his widow and children.

We are informed that the following homes have been visited by the stork since our last issue:

October 5th, Wm. Glanville, girl.

October 26th, O. W. Smith, girl.

October 29th, O. D. Fuhrman, girl.

October 29th, Dr. R. A. Smith, Omaha, Neb., girl.

October 30th, Norman Smith, boy.

October 30th, E. Kerr, boy.

November 4th, C. F. Ainsworth, girl.

Mr. S. L. Morgan who was very ill is now able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnim Bailey will call their baby Marjorie Doreen.

Mr. John Campbell, who received injuries in No. 4 Mine October 15th, is recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford entertained a party of young folks in their home October 16th.

St. Margaret's Guild held their annual bazaar November 1st.

Services were held in St. Joseph's Catholic church Saturday, November 1st, by Reverend Father McBride.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schoals were sorry to hear of the death of their infant son.

CUMBERLAND

Saturday, October 25th, the community gave a party in honor of the First Aid and Mine Rescue Teams of Cumberland, who were awarded first and second prize at the Annual First Aid Meet in August. A program was planned and given for the occasion, after which there was a dance. A very large crowd attended the party, among them Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pryde, Miss McDiarmid, Jack Smith and Mr. Gibson from Rock Springs.

Cupid has had a very busy time the last week. Among our newlyweds are Elizabeth Moore and Stephen Hunter, Agnes Moore and Henry Goddard, and Mary Young and Frank Marocki. We all join in wishing the young people much joy and happiness.

Mr. Joe Thompson has been very ill during the past month, but we are glad to report his improvement.

Miss Lizzie Bianchini has accepted a position with the Union Pacific Store as assistant bookkeeper.

Mr. Bert Williams is our new store manager. We all wish him success in his new position.

The Cumberland Band is making rapid progress. We hope soon to hear them playing for the public.

Mr. Wendell Clark and mother attended the First Aid party.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bertolini are the parents of a baby boy born October 14th.

The many friends of Mrs. Geo. F. Wilde are glad to see her home again after a minor operation in Ogden.

The opening party given by the Y. M. M. I. A. on November 1st was a great success. The evening was spent in games and dancing.

Mr. Richard Dexter is the proud owner of a new Nash car.

The Misses Mary Goddard and Fanny Perner left last Saturday for Rock Springs, where they will enter the State Hospital as student nurses.

TONO

Mrs. Robt. Murray has returned from a visit with her parents in Montana.

Among those from Tono who attended the California-Washington football game at Seattle on November 8th were Messrs. Martina and King, and Miss Lucille Way.

Mr. Frank Olds is back on the job after a complete recovery from injuries received September 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dace, former employes, have taken a house on the west flat.

Recent storms on the coast have caused a horde of ducks and geese to seek the more sheltered inland spots, and every one who could handle a gun has been trying to replenish the family larder—quite successfully in some instances.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dougherty are the proud possessors of a new Overland sedan.

Icy roads in and out of Tono held the spotlight on November 9th and at one time 21 cars were stalled on the south hill. Traffic was finally restored temporarily by a crew of men from the mine with ropes.

All operations at Tono Mine ceased on Armistice Day, and a majority of the people took part in the exercises at Centralia, where a huge bronze monument was unveiled in memory of the soldiers killed in that city on November 11th, 1919.

A Choral Club has been formed with some 20 members, with active practice and study in the School house. It is understood that a public recital will be given in the near future.

The ladies receiving First Aid training by Mr. John Schoening of the Bureau of Mines recently, have decided to continue the work, and have organized with Mrs. A. J. Boardman as President, and Mrs. E. C. Way as Instructor, meeting in the Hall on alternate Tuesdays for practice.

The Community Club's "get together" party was a great success, over 70 ladies being entertained by the Committee. The Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with appropriate Hallow'een schemes.

All schools were closed for the last three days in October to allow the teachers to attend Institute. This year, instead of county unit, all teachers in six counties met with the State Convention of the Washington Educational Association at Seattle. The principal speakers were President Suzzalo of the University of Washington, and the Presidents of Stafford University and also the University of California.

Football team composed of boy scouts under the direction of Coach King locked horns with Bill Nicholson's K. K. K.'s on the ball ground, with the latter victorious—7 to 0—after a swimming good time.

General Election passed off rather quietly in this Camp, the main issue being of a local character involving a betterment of road conditions in and out of Tono. In the Presidential section Coolidge received 32 votes, Davis 8 and LaFollette 155, balance scattering in a total of 207 votes cast. In a direct contrast the Republican candidate for Governor received 21 votes, Democratic 145 and Progressive 24, balance scattered. Witness another contrast when the Republican County Commissioner received 159 votes with a Democratic opponent only 18, Progressive no candidate. For local honors Bill Martina and Bill Barber were handed the Justice of the Peace and Constable jobs, respectively, on a silver plate. Both are now brushing up on the duties of their office.

Through the kindness of Mr. T. H. Gaines of Rock Springs, we are supplied with election news from Wyoming, and the many Tono friends of Mrs. E. S. Brooks are pleased to learn of her successful campaign for County Treasurer. At the same time we extend our deepest sorrow to Mr. Thos. A. Kruger and Andy Gump.

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Sports Page

BASKET BALL IN ROCK SPRINGS

By F. W. O'Neal

The foot ball season has been completed and the moleskins have been nicely packed away. The next in order of sports is basketball. For the last few days much enthusiasm has been aroused over the class tournament which has been going on. Each class has two teams "A" class, averaging over 130 pounds and "B" class, averaging under 127 pounds. Up to date the Freshmen have won both games from the Sophmores. The Seniors have won "B" class from the Juniors, but the Juniors came back and won "A" class from the Seniors. The Semi-final will be played Thursday evening, November 18th, and the finals and consolation game will be played Wednesday evening.

Many of last year's championship team have graduated. That fact will handicap Rock Springs Hi, but quite a few pretty husky young men have reported to the coach, thereby signifying their intentions of coming out for the team.

Our first game will be with Green River the first part of December before vacation. Everything points to a successful season.

LATE SUMMER DAYS IN THE WIND RIVER RANGE

When people from other parts of the world first see Wyoming in the vicinity of Rock Springs, they do not, as a rule, enthuse about our location. It is even said that members of the gentler sex, when settling here after living in a more verdant clime, are wont to shed a tear if asked how they like the country. To those who know, however, the barren stretches along the right-of-way in Southern Wyoming, constitute with their wealth of coal land only the work shop whence we draw our livelihood; the playground lies one hundred miles and more to the north in the beautiful reaches of the Wind River Mountain Range, pine-clad, snow-capped, and sprinkled with hundreds of clear lakes. It is a paradise of nature, the last refuge of the big game of our country; there may be seen the elk and moose, the timid deer and the tempermental bear. Fish abound in the cold waters of the lakes and streams, and the Isaac Waltons of the present generation know that battles with the speckled beauties may be had at any time for a few miles of hiking along the pleasant mountain trails.

Early in September, six boys slipped away from their work and mid-forenoon of one of Wyoming's sunshiny days found them north of the Eden Valley and rolling toward the mountains. Passing the sheep ranches of the foot hills, the automobiles entered the Wyoming National Forest and stopped at the ranger station at Dutch Joe Creek to pass the word that the party was going up country for a few days. Leaving the last telephone at the ranger station, the laboring automobiles climbed six miles of mountain road and stopped where the trail became too rough for such transport.

At this point pack horses were brought into use and the contents of the autos transferred for the rough trail to a cabin on the north shore of one of the mountain lakes. An hour on the trail and the cabin

could be seen as the caravan wound down a gentle slope to the shore of the lake; the boys cheered the end of the first day's journey and the prospect of supper was considered with interest. Unloading the packs and stowing grub and heavy bedding rolls took an hour, and in the meantime Dick, elected boss cook by acclimation, stirred and poked in a very professional manner around the stove and eupboards. The rest of the boys explored in the neighborhood, wood was cut and water was brought from a clear stream close by. Supper over we loafed until time for blaukets and then turned in. An owl came to perch near the cabin and Dick said, "Here's our paperboy,"—Sure enough the owl said "Tree-bune! Treebune!"

Up and out in the early morning—what air! And the sunlight topping the snow-capped peaks and reaching over the still waters of the lake below us. A dash of cold water, then coffee, bacon and flap-jacks. Soon all six, with fishing tackle arranged, are off for Dads Lake, four miles to the north. On the trail we soon began to hear confused sounds and turning to Dick were told that a band of sheep was coming down. A few minutes later and the murmur grew into countless "ba-ba's" the leaders of the sheep band appearing over a grassy knoll, the band of 2000 or more passing. They all looked fat and well, the lambs particularly so, and many of the ewes had twin lambs following. The herder and his dogs were at the rear, the dogs cleverly rounding in the stragglers and keeping good order on the march. One of the boys said that many of the dogs would work by arm signals from the herder at more than a mile distant—imagine wig-wagging orders to your dog and being obeyed implicitly and accurately! Wyoming should rear a monument to her sheep dogs. The sheep are brought into the forest reserve in early July for pasturing on the mountain meadows and come out early in September before the heavy snows set in. They do not have to be urged or driven from the mountains as nature provides that they shall sense the danger of being cut off by snow in the narrow places in the hills and they are anxious to reach sure feed and safety.

Doe and Ed, who were visitors from Missouri, were much interested in the sheep and asked many questions of the Wyoming boys while we followed the trail northward. From the crest of a rise of ground Dads Lake hove in sight nestling peacefully in a rocky basin of the hills, and all were agog with anglers' desire as we speeded up our pace to reach the shore.

A good day's sport resulted for all; the large fish in the lake were wary and very gamy, and the smaller fish in the outlet waters, where the stream splashes down over large masses of rock, were quick to strike. What small-boyish delights one feels when he finds a deep, quiet pool, and whipping the fly gently over the water, sees the strike and experiences the vibrant tug of the swift trout. Back to camp as the sun settled into the hills to the west, with Doe and his long legs in the lead. Some fish fry that night engineered by Dick's artistic touch, and after a pipe or two—to bed and glad to stretch out.

Early next morning, after bacon and coffee, four of the boys hit the blazed ranger trail for Big Sandy Lake. Leaving Mount Laturio on our left we passed the north shore of V Lake, noting the wild ducks



1. The outfit enroute to the hills.
2. Doc in his triumph on the summit of Mt. Laturio.
3. Court with his one day's catch at Big Sandy Lake.
4. The Headquarters Camp and pack animals loaded for the trip home.
5. "V" Lake from the top of Mt. Laturio.

gliding warily over the mirror-like surface, and in less than two hours the flies were whipping the clear waters of Big Sandy. Doe and Court caught the heavy end of the fish that day and it was fun to watch Doe, bareheaded and with sleeves rolled up, landing trout, catching grasshoppers and just so full of business that he could hardly stop for lunch. Court fished like an Indian, quiet and sure, and how he did pull them out.

Back at the cabin in the cool of the evening we planned a general exploration for the next day. Dick brought out his compass and we discussed the variation of the needle in this section of the country. To decide the matter, we located the North Star by the dipper pointers and taking the compass to a rock in front of the camp, we sighted the north point and decided that the variation was about 18 degrees east, after which sago process success in exploration on the morrow was felt to be assured.

In the morning, before starting, three of the boys busied themselves making benches for the cabin to supplant the short lengths of logs which we had previously used for seats. The lodge pole pine worked up very nicely and we were all pleased with the results of our amateur carpenter labors. Doe then started out to satisfy his previously expressed desire to climb Mount Laturio, and Court accompanied him, while Dick and I set out to locate a direct route from the cabin to a lake shown on the forest reserve map as lying four miles to the northwest. In the course of our wanderings we found several small lakes not indicated on the map, and on coming in sight of one of the smallest a movement at the edge of the grass turned out to be a brood of young wild ducks, a pretty thing to see and well worth the tramp. Doe and Court returned to camp soon after we did and reported an exhausting climb but a fine view of the

country from the top of Laturio; it had taken them four hours and fifteen minutes to complete the round trip. They had passed the abodes of bob-cats and bears among the rocks but had seen no animals. That afternoon it rained hard for intermittent periods extending over two hours but we had a dry camp, the cabin roof holding all water out, and the stove gave out a cozy warmth which, under the changed weather conditions, we enjoyed greatly. While the explorers and mountain climbers were out in the morning Jim and Ed had stayed in camp and prowled in the timber near by. Toward noon Jim heard Ed calling lustily, and making all speed to the source of the racket, he found Ed trying to coax a very large porcupine toward the cabin. A rope was brought and the quilled gentleman tied ship shape by the leg for exhibition to the hikers on their return. After supper "Porky" was released to return to his chosen haunts. Ed tried to photograph him but the sun was low and "Porky" was shy.

The following day we fished Big Sandy Lake again, and by noon of the next day we were all ready packed and waiting for Antone, our Spanish friend, to bring the horses and give the first lift toward home. He appeared on time and accepted our invitation to lunch, doffing his "chaps" before entering the cabin to sit at table. Antone is a good fellow, friendly, and will talk when he feels that he is among appreciative listeners. He confided to us that he had not always followed the sheep but that in other days he had been a cow and horse man in New Mexico.

Our pack train wound down the trail to the place where we had left the automobiles, and after transferring from the animals to the cars, we set out on the run for Rock Springs and arrived that night without any untoward happenings. Doe and the boys are coming back next year, and we are going to look into that bob-cat business up on Mount Laturio.

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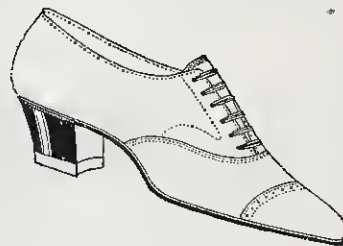
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